

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1894.

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On some Methods of Dealing with the Unemployed.

THE Report of the Mansion House Committee appointed to inquire into the distress occasioned by lack of employment has declared that "it is not much greater now than is usual at this season of the year." The assurance can scarcely be considered very reassuring, for though the misery of the unemployed may not be "much greater" than usual, it is unquestionably very great; and the wording of the Report points to it as being a constant evil, and ever-recurring flaw in the annual rotation of our national life. Even on the assumption that the increase in the numbers of the unemployed may not be more than proportionate to the increase of the population (and it appears to be precisely this class that increases most quickly), the fact of their existence among us as a huge able-bodied multitude clamouring for sustenance, represents a permanent defect in our social organization which imperatively calls for more vigorous treatment and more united remedial action than it has hitherto received.

The problem is not confined to Great Britain; but it has assumed far more menacing proportions here than in other countries. The reasons of this, though multiple and intricate, may not be far to seek, but they lie beyond the scope of the present article, which aims, not at seeking the cause of the evil, but at indicating the agencies and methods which at present exist for its mitigation. That they are insufficient is obvious from the fact that the question of the unemployed co-exists with them as a still unsolved problem.

"Unemployed" is the topical word of the day. It is on everyone's lips and flows easily from numerous pens; but, as is admirably pointed out in the recently issued Report of the Board of Trade,¹ much of the confusion at present overhanging the subject is due to the fact that hardly two people use

¹ *Report on the Agencies and Methods for dealing with the Unemployed.*

the expression in precisely the same sense. The word "unemployed" is a generic term including many varied species of the great "out of work," which differ from one another in innumerable particulars, though they will all be found to share the common attribute of being distinctly inferior in efficiency to the worst of the "employed." The most efficient thousand of the "unemployed" at any given time will invariably represent a lower standard of industrial usefulness than the least efficient thousand of the contemporaneously employed. This fact, naturally, does not facilitate their collocation in the sphere of available labour.

The term unemployed is at present indiscriminately used to designate two widely-divergent classes of individuals, which we may describe as the *relatively* unemployed and the *positively* unemployed. The former class includes, firstly, those trained workmen who, their occupation being essentially of the nature of jobbing, are temporarily out of work in the often inevitable interval between the end of one job and the beginning of the next, the demand for their labours being too irregularly intermittent to employ them uninterruptedly; of these are carpenters, bricklayers, &c. Secondly, there are those trained workmen who are out of work because the occupation in which they are employed is subject to periodical epochs of slackness dependent on a variety of causes, the principal of which may be cited as follows: (*a*) Seasonal changes, affecting building trades, where work is discontinued during frost; clothing trades, where the demand for particular articles is regulated by the weather; and agricultural labour, dependent on the seasons; (*b*) changes of fashion, by which in a very short time certain branch industries may become completely paralyzed, to be subsequently revived in all their original vigour; (*c*) the transportation of seats of industry from one centre to another, by which whole bodies of men may be suddenly thrown upon the local labour market, as was the case through the transference of ship-building from the Thames to the Clyde and Tyne; (*d*) the intervals between mercantile events, such as those which regularly intervene between the six yearly wool sales, and occasion to the dock and warehouse labourers engaged in the carriage of wool a monthly alternation of complete dearth of employment with such excess of work as to engage all available hands; (*e*) the cyclical ebb and flow which, whether from political, international, industrial (illustrating the action and

reaction of one industry upon another), or mere physical causes, is manifest in the demand for all and every kind of produce and may extend over a period of several years, as is exemplified in such industries as engineering, mining, iron-founding, and ship-building, in which latter trade it is said that only about every seventh year is there sufficient pressure of work to employ the full time and labour of all existing skilled ship-wrights.

In all the instances above indicated it will be found that, when the matter is viewed over a sufficiently long period and over a sufficiently large area, not one of the workmen engaged in any given trade is economically superfluous, although considered in reference to special epochs, representing the transitory ebb and fall in their respective trades, half of them might be out of work. These successive waves of vigour and depression, however, not only characterize all commercial undertakings, but are the expression of that law of pendulum-like action and reaction which governs all human effort and achievement. They constitute a force not to be modified, but to be reckoned with as it stands, and while it appears to us that a fuller recognition of them should interfere to regulate the scale of wages in those trades most subject to their influence, yet they must to a certain extent count among the inevitable risks which employers must alike be content to run.

The second categorical division of the unemployed, which we have designated the *positively* unemployed, comprehends all those workmen who are permanently out of a situation because they are below the required standard of efficiency, either through lack of original training or through some physical or moral defect which has caused them to slip from the ranks of average capability. They are not of necessity numerically superfluous, they are simply *unfit*, and as such have sunk into a useless sediment choking up the labour market. It is to this class, which has been technically spoken of as the "submerged tenth," that we would restrict the application of the word unemployed, as in them it expresses a chronic condition attributable to some inadequacy inherent in them, and not a transitory accident due to well-defined extraneous causes. While, on the one hand, we fully recognize that physical and moral deterioration must be the invariable accompaniment of the out-of-work condition, and that the skilled workman, having more to lose, will therefore suffer more in a given time from

temporary lack of employment than the habitually unemployed, who has no standard of efficiency to slip from—still, we cannot but consider that the condition of the latter, existing as he does in overwhelming numbers amongst us, presents the graver and more vital side of the problem, is developing into an open sore, eating into our national prosperity and, as was declared before the Mansion House Committee, has become a matter of “imperial importance.”

This huge multitude of unskilled, untrained, able-bodied men is the modern evolution, but grown to alarming proportions, of the rabble which has always existed as the dregs of every national life, which in classic ages cried out for “bread and circus,” and which to-day clamours for “work.” The pagan world, from motives of expediency, responded to his appeal; Christian Britain—is it from an odd kind of over-scrupulousness, from inertia, or helplessness, or merely from sheer *bungling*?—has hitherto let him clamour in vain. He is at present our national cross, and a very heavy one. Loafing amongst us, habitually out of work, but not altogether ill-disposed, chronically appealing for it, and too often incapable of doing it creditably when he gets it, very wretched, very worthless, with unimpaired faculties of digestion and procreation, he demands that some means be afforded him to maintain his own life and to rear his numerous progeny. And the nation must look to it. He is not criminal *yet*. If he were, the State would either summarily relieve the world of his importunate presence, or would house, clothe, and feed him at the tax-payer’s expense, and freely provide him with labour. He is not criminal, but it is from his class that the ranks of crime are chiefly recruited; his abode is in the threshold of criminality, and the pressure of want and unhealthy leisure is constantly pushing him within its portals. Indeed, materially, he certainly seems to be far better off *after* he has transgressed the law than when in his blundering, unaided way he endeavoured to keep it.

The two classes above referred to as representing the two extremes of the race of “unemployed”—those who are skilled and temporarily out of work, and those who are unskilled and permanently out of work—are not separated by any sharp line of demarcation. The chasm between them is bridged over, and they are brought into connection by the unbroken procession of countless individuals who are incessantly passing from the one class into the other. There is the continuous

stream of those who, unable to hold their own in the higher places of the labour market, are steadily making their way into the lower; and in a few, a very, very few instances, corresponding to the red-letter days in our philanthropists' journals, there are those who are already marching on their upward journey towards industrial rehabilitation. All of these, temporarily halting now and again at different stages of their retrogression or advancement, represent intermediary species of the unemployed, each manifesting a different degree of competency, each requiring different treatment, and all contributing to increase the intricacies in which the whole subject is entangled. There seems little doubt that the impetus which impels a man to take the first step downwards will almost invariably be found in the results of drink; while, in the few isolated cases of reclamation which have come under our own personal experience, the influence which has encouraged him to attempt the first step upward has invariably been *a little human sympathy*. Not sympathy in the form of indiscriminate almsgiving, the most futile of all mistaken modes of assistance, but that ransoming power of sympathy which finds its expression in a little human interest in himself and his career, restoring to him an emulative sense of his individuality and his long-lost self-respect. Among the indirect methods of dealing with the unemployed, we cannot but incline to the trite recommendation that a system of heavy taxation on alcoholic drinks would prove to be the strongest deterrent to his *sinking*, while a little organized *care* for him, as distinguished from mere municipal relief as at present existing, would eventually become the strongest incentive to his *rising*.

Passing from these general considerations, which rest on a purely moral basis, we come to the main object of this inquiry, What are the existing methods of finding employment for the unemployed? They are enumerated as follows in the Report of the Board of Trade:

1. *Trade Unions*.—These organized and self-governing associations of members of particular trades, with ramifications in all the industrial centres, have for their primary objects the finding of work for their unemployed members, and the supplying to them a weekly allowance, known as the unemployed benefit or donation, which shall relieve them from the pressure of absolute want during such time as they shall, through no fault of their own, be out of work. The amount

of this benefit, which is furnished entirely from the men's monthly or quarterly subscriptions for membership, varies in the different societies, but in most of them it is graduated on a descending scale as, for example, in the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, which pays 10s. weekly for fourteen weeks, 7s. for thirty weeks, and 6s. as long as out of employment. It is obvious that the Trade Unions, organized as a network over the whole country, and having constant intercommunication between their branches, possess means of knowing the state of the labour market and the fluctuations of their own particular trade, and have opportunities of finding employment for their members such as few private and less specialized agencies could command. They have further every interest to place their men in work as quickly as possible, since so long as they are out of work they are drawing upon the funds of the society. Every unemployed member is bound daily to present himself at the office of his branch, and sign what is termed the "vacant book;" should work be found for him and he refuse it, he forfeits his claim to the donation, and in some societies is called on to pay a fine; while should he be out of employment "through neglect of work, drunkenness, or disorderly conduct," he is disqualified from receiving benefit until "he shall have been in work again at the trade for eight consecutive weeks at the ordinary wages of the shop he may be working in." In the case of there being a dearth of work in any particular locality, the Unions provide their men with "travelling benefit," to enable them to seek employment at a distance. They must daily report themselves at the branches to which they have been sent, and they must accept work wherever it is found for them. The Trade Unions exercise a keen supervision over their members, and are autocratic in their treatment of them; probably, if they had not been so, they would have ceased to exist long ago. By relieving their unemployed from the dread of starvation, they prevent their rushing into unfavourable situations. They arbitrarily determine the rate of wages to be accepted by their members, and, through their power of controlling the pressure of the labour market, they secure the maintenance of this remunerative standard; while in some districts they lay severe restrictions on the amount of overtime work permitted to each man, in order that the available employment may be spread over as many men as possible. They afford support and assistance to such members as are

docile and conform to the spirit of the society, but they practise a system of intimidation, often cruel in its workings-out, against those members who prove recalcitrant, and rebel against the restrictions placed upon them. It is on this score that they are accused of tyrannizing over the liberty of the individual; and it is admitted that the system upon which they work may entail sacrifice on the part of a handful of superior workmen who would, taken singly, be capable of earning more than the stipulated wage, and are willing to work over the stipulated time, sanctioned by the societies. Yet, on the other hand, there seems little doubt that upon the workman of average ability and diligence, who represents the bulk of his class, the action of the Unions is distinctly salutary and advantageous, and the tyranny they exercise serves to promote the greatest benefit of the greatest number. The sense of protection and fellowship springing from association in a large organized society, together with the material assistance received by the unemployed, minimizes the deterioration that accompanies the out-of-work condition, and enables the men successfully to tide over seasons of general slackness, while the constant supervision exercised over all the members maintains a standard of conduct and efficiency from which they dare not slip.

2. *Friendly Societies* come next in importance to the Trade Unions, with which they are to a certain extent interwoven, as will be seen from the fact that prior to the passing of the Trade Union Act in 1871, many trade societies were registered under the Friendly Societies' Act, and it was not until 1885 that the Amalgamated Society of Engineers was registered as a Trade Union. They interest us less, however, as they give but comparatively little attention to the relief of the unemployed, their main objects being to provide relief to their members when incapacitated through sickness, and to ensure the payment of a sum of money on the death of a member or his wife. Friendly Societies are not appropriated to special trades, their members being enrolled quite irrespectively of the occupation they follow, and therefore these societies have not the same industrial influence which the Trade Unions owe to their specialization. The chief Friendly Societies are the Hearts of Oak Society, the Ancient Order of Foresters, the Ancient Shepherds, the Odd Fellows, and the Rechabites. To cope with the recent distress arising from lack of employment, all of these have established a travelling benefit fund for the assistance of their members

travelling in search of work. They also provide for the remittance of subscriptions without loss of the privileges of membership, should it be satisfactorily proved before the Committee that the member in question is in such want as to be incapable of paying his contribution.

As will be seen from the above notice, both the Trade Unions and Friendly Societies deal only with what is known as the "skilled" workman, and attempt only the relief of such distress as is caused by temporary lack of work; and they leave entirely untouched the position of the unskilled, permanently unemployed—the "submerged tenth"—who lie outside their jurisdiction.

3. *Labour Bureaux*.—On the assumption that distress due to want of employment lies not so much in actual dearth of work, as in difficulty in *finding* it, these agencies have been established, in different parts of the country as a means of bringing work and workers into contact. The majority of the Labour Bureaux are managed by the local Vestries, although some of them are under the control of voluntary committees; and with two notable exceptions, those of Egham and Ipswich, their statistics do not point to much success having attended their operations. They may be divided into two distinct classes—those which accept all applicants for registration without discrimination, and those which subject their applicants to an inquiry more or less stringent as regards their antecedents and the probability of their giving future satisfaction. The former class is but little patronized by employers who naturally distrust the workers they would be likely to furnish, and their area of activity being thus extremely restricted, the result of their operations is practically *nil*, and several of them have been closed after a few months' trial. The second class shows good results as far as they go, but these bureaux confine their attention to such workmen and labourers as would probably, by virtue of good character and diligence, sooner or later find situations without their agency, and the very principle of selection to which they owe their success excludes from their ministrations precisely that race of the unemployed which most needs their assistance.

4. *Registries for Girls and Women*.—Of these the most important and the most widely-spread over London and the provinces, are those devoted to the placing of women and girls in domestic service. It appears that the only branch of industry

in which the demand is considerably and permanently in excess of the supply is that of domestic service. In the face of this, it is deplorable that the senseless prejudices which prevail among large sections of the poor should interfere to prevent respectable girls from choosing this decent means of earning their bread, when the only alternative open to them is a squalid lodging in an over-crowded neighbourhood, a scanty livelihood dependent on half-time at a factory or chance jobs at a workshop, and total lack of employment threatening in the background. It cannot be too much insisted on with regard to all classes and both sexes of the unemployed, that the worker must adapt himself to the work required of him, and not wait until the work shapes itself to suit his tastes. It is equally true in the lower as in the higher spheres of life, that the measure of a man's success in the world will be the measure of his adaptability to the circumstances in which he is placed. It appears that in domestic service a wide field of industry is open to girls, if they would but avail themselves of it. It is, however, essential that they commence young—if possible, within a year after leaving school, for when once they have had experience of factory-life and its accompaniment of street-loafing, the restraint of service becomes more than they can bear.

5. Besides the agencies above indicated for finding work for the unemployed, there exist special bureaux to provide situations for discharged soldiers and discharged prisoners, and the statistics of these point to very satisfactory results.

It is a curious fact that the only class of men for whom the Imperial Government provides facilities for obtaining situations, are seamen. A central registry office, with branches in all our ports, is maintained for this purpose at the expense of the Mercantile Marine Fund. It is under the management of Government officials, styled, Superintendents of Mercantile Marine, who act directly under the Board of Trade, and their offices are the meeting-places for masters of vessels seeking crews and for seamen seeking ships. The agreements between masters and men are read over in presence of the Superintendent who acts as an impartial authority to secure the interests of both parties. It will be noticed that of all the agencies above enumerated, there is only one—a section of the labour bureaux—that attempts to deal with the *uncriminal* "submerged tenth," and in so far as it does this, or rather by reason of the attempt, its operations have signally failed.

We now come to the Charity Organization Society and the Poor Law.

The Charity Organization Society must certainly rank as the most effectual and extensive of existing voluntary charities for the relief of distress among the poor. It numbers some eighty-eight branches scattered over the United Kingdom and affiliated to the Central Society in London. Its aim is "to effect a division of work between the Poor Law and charity, . . . leaving to the Poor Law such cases of destitution as cannot be effectually assisted by charitable help," and undertaking only those cases in which "there is a prospect of some permanent good being done." Practically, the Society seems to come in as a sort of stop-gap for the relief of such cases of deserving distress as are not available for treatment by the Trade Unions or the Friendly Societies. It exercises a stringent discrimination in the selection of the cases it deals with, insisting that inquiry must supplement, or coincide with, recommendation. Destitution, as such, does not appeal to it, and amongst its rules is the following: "That no cases of chronic distress, in which the head of the family is habitually out of work in the winter, or never in regular work, be assisted;" and although the general principles drawn up for the guidance of the Society may be somewhat differently carried out according to the different interpretation put upon them by the various local committees in applying them to the treatment of each individual case, still the above rule sufficiently clearly defines the object of the Society to be the relief of temporary distress among skilled workmen and labourers, to the exclusion of the permanently unemployed.

The "submerged tenth" has therefore nothing to hope from the Charity Organization Society; he remains uncared-for, left alone face to face with the Poor Law. In the existing state of affairs, this is perhaps inevitable. No one agency would be competent to cope with the two classes of unemployed as they are here defined. In no sphere of life are fine social distinctions more acutely felt than among that huge surging mass whom we designate by the comprehensive term of "the people." The skilled workman in temporary distress cannot be associated with the permanently unemployed, as common members of one Union, or even as common applicants at one bureau or registry. In the words of Professor Mayor: "To admit the one is to exclude the other." Nearly all the existing insti-

tutions for the relief of distress are devoted to the one class ; the residuum, therefore, falls to the other. Among this residuum, the statistics of the Social Wing of the Salvation Army point to it as having done satisfactory work among the "submerged tenth ;" but the fact that it, as also (on a smaller scale) the Church Army Labour Homes, introduces sectarian principles as the basis of its operations, renders it unfit to deal with the general problem of the unemployed, *as such*. The system of its organization might, however, furnish suggestions for other permanent schemes of relief.

The training farm at Langley is an interesting experiment, on a very small scale, of transforming the ordinary tramp into a farm-labourer prior to emigrating him to Canada. Out of seventy-two cases received at the farm between May, 1891, and June, 1893, thirty-nine have been sent to Canadian farms, one to New Zealand, while five found employment in England. Of those sent to the colonies, only three have been reported as unsatisfactory. We are here touching the fringe of the great question of emigration. This is generally admitted as being the only means of counterbalancing the increase of population at home. It appears, however, that in all cases emigration should be preceded by proper training, and we may incidentally remark that this result could not be more effectually attained than by making technical education compulsory in our schools.

Returning now from the various agencies for training and employing the untrained which, on a small scale, are scattered over the country and which lose much of their influence for want of co-operative organization, we come back to the Poor Law, the only existing means of dealing with the "submerged tenth" as a huge totality. How does it deal with him, and with what result? Application to the Poor Law for relief means to him degradation. And we cannot but appeal for him that it is hard that his only resource should be one the acceptance of which involves the loss of his last remnant of self-respect. We admit that he has not much self-respect left at the best of times—how should he? Self-respect, as we know, is based on the conscious sense of achievement—of a result attained either in the development of a man's personality—what he *has become*—or in the effect of his work in the world—what he *has done* ; and the personality of the "submerged tenth" is but a human wreck, while the work of the unemployed is necessarily a negative quantity. Therefore he has not much self-respect

left; but why should he be placed in the position of losing that little? He is surely scared enough already, without the additional stigma of having accepted of poor relief.

And what does the Poor Law do for him? The relief work it has up till now afforded him has been organized on lines that accord with his confirmed habits. The habitually unemployed have no objection to work for two or three days a week and are able to get through their task provided they get intervals of loafing; it is in *continuous* work that they break down, and therefore *continuity of employment* is at once the most important test of their capability and willingness, and the most effectual means of training them. This is precisely what relief works do not afford. They adopt the system of employing the men in shifts of three days a week each, these shifts being placed on work in successive relays. The employment is therefore given to the men on lines which coincide with those very habits of irregularity which it is our aim and interest to check in them. Further, payment is generally given by time, at the rate of 6d. an hour, and when in one or two instances, time-work has been replaced by piece-work and been attended with the disastrous result of reducing the attendance of workers to less than one-third, the local authorities have thrown up their hands in despair and declared that the question of the "submerged tenth" was a problem almost beyond human powers of solution. The Mansion House Scheme of 1892-3 was a spasmodic and somewhat ill-organized effort to assist the unemployed, and after a seven weeks' trial, it left him where it found him. It did not pretend to be more than a temporary palliative, but inasmuch as the evil it sought to cope with is a *chronic* one, the agency that successfully deals with it must necessarily be permanent in nature. It is worthy of remark that the existing agencies which aim at the relief of temporary lack of employment are all *permanent*; while the systems which attempt the relief of the permanently unemployed are all temporary. But the disease we want to eradicate is not a passing disorder that will cure itself; and if neglected and mismanaged much longer, it will spread with noxious virulence amongst the lower strata of the populace, menacing the very foundations of our national life. It must have radical treatment *constantly maintained*, and if we were to sum up in a few words the essential characteristics of this required treatment, they might stand thus: *An organized system of discipline without pauperiza-*

tion. It is no use *poking* at our man at intervals ; he recedes more in the intervals than he advances at the pokes. He must be pushed along steadily if he is to advance at all ; and advance *he must*, or his stagnation will breed a pestilence amongst us.

The only existing system which up to the present has, as far as we know, not *realized* the ideal treatment of him, but made so much as *one step towards its realization*, is that of the Labour Colonies which have now been for some years successfully working in Germany—the land of thrift and discipline. We propose in the following number of THE MONTH to give a short account of these colonies compiled from the most reliable sources of information, and by making a fair statement of the benefits and drawbacks which have attended them in Germany, to enable our readers to judge for themselves of the probable results to be anticipated from their systematic introduction into England.

*The Persecution of Catholics in Poland
by the Russian Government.*

THE moderation observed in the account we gave of Father Gromadski's Life in the article entitled "A Siberian Priest," in the December number of THE MONTH, 1893, and the apparent freedom of action which that good priest enjoys, must by no means be taken as a proof of any friendly policy on the part of the Hôly Synod, or of the Russian Government, towards the Catholic Church. If Father Gromadski be allowed to minister to the wants of the poor Poles in Siberia, almost all of whom are sufferers for conscience sake, it is by no Governmental protection, but through the kind-hearted permission of certain governors who had been also, for conscience sake, sent out to Poland to be *employés* in the far East. The outrage done to the Catholic Church in the Seminary of Kielee, not far from the Austrian frontier, is only one more proof that Russia is by no means so pacific in her intentions as Mr. Brand, in the *Contemporary Review*, imagines; but that she is steadily aggressive in her policy, the main feature of which is the entire suppression of Catholicism in Poland.

Before giving the details of a horrible event which took place in the end of last year in Lithuania, and which was denounced even by the English press, we should like to give our readers some account of the state of things which led to that outrage in the church of Kroze. We will not describe the unheard of pressure and exactions inflicted on the inhabitants of those unhappy provinces where their properties are continually confiscated, where they are being economically ruined, where, for the last forty years, they have had to pay a war contribution, and where they are forbidden the use of their own language; in these last few months they have likewise had to endure a religious persecution of the most trying nature. For a long time past they felt that a fresh storm was gathering over their heads. From the moment that a man named Klingenberg

was appointed Governor General at Kowno, the religious persecution steadily increased. Till then, throughout Lithuania, the priests were always permitted to be teachers of religion in the village schools. The first step was, to remove one priest after the other from this duty. Each received a notice from the Procurator of the schools in Vilna "that he was relieved from the charge of teaching religion in that school;" but without any reason being given for such a step. This occurred in Serciki, Ligumy, Radziwiliszki, Iezibory, and several other places. Should any parents object, or dare to remove their children in consequence, they incur heavy penalties, being denounced by the schoolmaster, who is always a schismatic, and often a man of very doubtful morality. In some of the schools, a schismatical *Ikon* is placed, often a picture of the late Emperor Alexander II., and the children are bidden to bow down and pray before it. In the parish of Komoje, in the Nowoalksandoyski district, the children were forced to bow down before it in prayer. When the priest of the place, Father Iozopojtis, heard of this, he forbade the children to do so; upon which he was at once arrested and sentenced to two years' strict confinement in a monastery. The public and provincial schools and colleges are in a still more deplorable state. In the school of the town of Kowno, for the last two years there has been no religious teacher whatever; and the children have in consequence no instruction in their faith. In a few other places, such as Szavla, Ponieviez, Libau, and Mittau, there are still one or two priests who are allowed to teach in the public schools, but they are daily exposed to most painful vexations, and their influence over their pupils is paralyzed at every step by the school directors. The school director is always present when the religious instruction is given, and makes his own remarks all the time on the priest's words, often interrupting the teaching altogether.

The personal freedom of every Catholic priest is hampered to the utmost. He is not allowed to leave his parish, even were it to attend the dying. The dangerous state of father or mother is not enough to enable him to leave his parish without a passport, for which he may have to wait for many weeks. On one occasion a priest wished to travel to Warsaw to accompany a brother of his who was seriously ill and also a priest, so as to be with him during an operation in which his life was endangered. After a fortnight's anxious expectation, the

Governor General replied that his petition for a passport could not be complied with. This same priest, last month, was made to pay a fine of a hundred roubles for being in a neighbouring church on a week-day and saying Holy Mass there, though, besides the sacristan, there was no one else in the church at the time. Another was fined one hundred and five roubles for having made a short discourse at the funeral of his deceased patron in Polish, which language is forbidden in the churches, though many of the peasants understand no other. The Rev. Martin W—— had to pay twenty-five roubles for hearing a confession in another parish church which was not his own. The Rev. G—— was mulcted of seventy-five roubles for a sermon preached in his own church, though there was no political allusion in it whatever nor any reference to the present state of things. But, for some time past, the Russian Official, M. Orzewskij, has fined the priests on every possible or impossible pretext and seldom less than a hundred roubles. We should be curious to know who pockets this money? But this is not the worst evil. It is not only forbidden now to build new churches, but also to repair them. Formerly it was possible, after a deal of trouble and pains, to obtain leave to make some slight repairs at the expense of the parish priest himself: for instance, to put in a pane of glass when broken, to mend a hole in the roof through which the rain or snow poured, or to prop up a falling wall. But during the last two years, in spite of the most pressing petitions made to the Governor, it has become utterly impossible to obtain leave for even the slightest repairs. It is become quite evident that the aim of the Russian Government is that as many as possible of the Catholic churches should be destroyed. For, as soon as leave is asked for any repairs, the Governor sends a special commission of inquiry into the state of the case. This commission draws up a report, in accordance with the well-known wishes of the Government, representing that the Church is threatening to fall in, or the like; and that in view of the imminent danger to the people who form the congregation, it must be without delay closed and pulled down!

This has taken place in many localities in the provinces of Podolia, Minsk, Grodno, and Vilna, so that the poor priest dares not attempt to ask for any repairs. Thus, in the parish of Gintokole, which numbers 8,000 parishioners, the church was burnt down six years ago, and the Government has absolutely

refused to build a new church, though the congregation were willing and ready to pay the whole cost. So these poor people, despite Siberian cold, snow, and rain, gather together to hear Mass and to pray in the open air, around a small barn, wherein the priest offers the Holy Sacrifice and in which not 200 can find room. The parish of Groozdze, containing 9,000 Catholics, has been deprived of its church for three years. The parish of Wilkija, with 6,000 souls, has had no church for the last two years. At Zmudka, in the district of Wilkomir, a fire destroyed the parish church last year; and because the parish priest, the Rev. Father Gulbin, with his poor people, dared to raise a miserable barn as a temporary place of worship, he and five of the principal parishioners were arrested, condemned to five years' exile and transported into the depths of Russia. Since the exile of this good priest, the Bishop has appointed one priest after another to work the parish, but the Government has not allowed any of them to reside in it, and do not attempt to deny that their object is to destroy Catholicity and give the place over to the schismatics. Yet the faith of the people is so strong that not even brute force can compel them to enter a Russian church. At Wokolmicki, in the district of Poniew, a permission was wrenched from the officials, some years ago, to repair the church and to buy new bells. It was not till this very year (1893) that the peal of bells was actually bought. But hardly had they been hung up in the belfry, than the Governor sent a police agent with his men, the bell-ropes were tied down to the ground, seals were placed upon them, and the ringing of the bells was positively forbidden.

It is time now that we should give some details of the recent act of barbarity perpetrated by the Governor Klingenberg, and which has made a very deep impression throughout Europe. Not only the Vienna paper, the *Vaterland* (quoted by the *Times* on the 4th of January, 1894), but the *Vossische Zeitung* and other Berlin journals give full reports of this infamous transaction, but we prefer to quote the account of the Cracow "Times" called the *Czar*, of December 17, 1893, because its authenticity is guaranteed by eye-witnesses of an event which will form a fresh page in our Catholic martyrology.

The closing of the churches takes place by a direct "order of the Emperor." Such an order was executed this very year at Kownatow. Here a church, built at the end of the eighteenth century by the landlord, Kownacki, was first shut up and then destroyed. The endowment of

the living, which had also been provided by Kownacki, was distributed among the so-called "Russian colonists," that is to say, criminals and felons, exiled from other parts of Russia, and forced to settle down in this district.

After Kownatow, the turn came for Kroze. In old times there were three churches at Kroze. The Jesuit church, together with their monastery, was dismantled in 1840. The wooden parish church is the only one remaining, and is in a most pitiable condition. A third church, with a convent of Benedictine Nuns, was solidly built and endowed by John Chrysostom Wollowicz in 1642. Already, towards the fall of last year, it was known that the Czar had issued an order "that the convent and its church at Kroze should be utterly dismantled and that the material should be used to build a school." Professional men who went to the spot sent in an estimate that the net cost of pulling down the old walls, which were immensely thick, would come to at least 75,000 roubles, whilst the building of a school, even though done with new brick, would not cost half as much.

When the parishioners heard of the Government intentions, they applied to all the authorities in the land, one after the other, to obtain leave to transform the convent church into the parish church, while the old wooden building, which was so out of repair, should be taken down. On this very petition, which had been sent to the Emperor, and returned through the medium of the Ministry, a negative answer was inscribed, on the principle *Quod scripsi, scripsi*; and, in fact, the order was about to be put into execution. The Benedictine Nuns were transported to Kowno, and the Bishop, having received a most urgent order from the Government, had to command the Dean and the parish priest of the place to remove all the holy vessels and vestments of the nuns' sacristy to that of the old parish church; and that the Most Holy Sacrament should also be removed.

However, when the Dean arrived, the parishioners of Kroze and the people of the neighbourhood gathered round their beloved church like a wall, and refused him admittance. These men watched night and day for four weeks by the doors of the church, and positively refused to leave it. To the Government agents, who tried by threats to disperse the crowd, they answered: "We prefer to die on the spot and perish with the church, rather than live without the consolations of religion and without a church. Till you have killed us all, you shall not enter!" Meanwhile, the concourse of people was ever on the increase. From all the country round the peasants flocked in, bringing their provisions with them, as if going to a place of pilgrimage, to which they often repair, either to the Calvary in Samogitia, or to Szydlowo. A certain number of the parishioners, foreseeing the bloodshed and the calamities which were at hand, and having used every possible means by petitions and explanations to have the order rescinded for the destruction of their church, conceived the wild idea of seeking the

intervention of foreign Governments to induce the Czar to change his mind. Such petitions were sent to the Emperors of Austria and Germany, to Queen Victoria, to the King of Denmark, and to the President of the French Republic. Poor simple people! to believe that any good could come through international intervention as regards Russia! You already know the frightful scenes that have resulted from the resistance of the inhabitants of Kroze; but at first it was difficult to ascertain the exact truth, and only slowly and by degrees we have learnt how the whole affair took place. The police have orders to arrest anybody who dares to speak of it in the place or in the neighbourhood. Yet I chanced to meet a few days ago a young man, a Samogitian, who was an eye-witness of all that passed, and whose account has been confirmed in every particular. It appears that M. Wickmann, a police agent, came three times from Rossnic with officials and gendarmes; but the people would not admit him into the church, saying that they waited for an answer to a petition they had sent to the Czar. On Tuesday night, the 21st and 22nd of November, the Governor of Kowno, Klingenberg, arrived at two o'clock in the morning, accompanied by several officers and forty gendarmes, armed with pistols, swords, and whips. The Governor woke the local clergy, and made them come with him. At the doors of the church a whole body of men were on the watch that night. Seeing the officials, they produced a picture of the Emperor and Empress of Russia, and also the Holy Cross. Klingenberg gave the word of command, and at once the gendarmes tore the pictures of the Imperial pair out of the people's hands, and tore them in bits; they broke the cross also and trampled the pieces under their feet. Then they broke open the doors, and forced their way into the church, entering it with covered heads. The church was full of a praying multitude, who, on the entrance of the gendarmes, began to ring the bells. Forthwith, thousands of people rushed to the spot from the town, and soon the numbers got the upper hand; the gendarmes were driven out of the church, and the Governor found himself isolated, with one other official, from the rest of his men. He then fired two shots within the church, although the Blessed Sacrament was on the altar; and to save him from the fury of the people at this outrage, he was hidden in one of the cells of the convent. There he appeared to soften down, and promised that he would write a report, confessing that his men had attacked unarmed people, and had beaten and fired upon them. He asked for ink and paper, and when this was brought to him, he sat down and began to write, remaining writing a long time.

The sun was rising and the Governor was still in the same place, when suddenly a cry of despair broke from the people with the words, "The Cossacks are coming!" There were three hundred Cossacks who had been sent for by Klingenberg from Worow, and it was while waiting for their arrival that he had remained apparently quiet. They

came armed with lances, muskets, swords, and whips, and surrounded the whole of the little town, closing every street, and placing a picket of their own men at every point. Then they hastened to the church, set upon the peasants, piercing them with their lances, shooting them and beating them with their terrible whips on their heads and faces. Two Cossacks dashed over the people who were guarding the doors, rode on horseback into the church, the walls and pavements of which were soon bespattered with blood. The holy pictures on the walls were hacked to pieces with their swords, the crosses and statues shattered and broken. The priest, the Rev. Austin Mozojki, was then dragged into the church and forced to remove the Blessed Sacrament. Broken pieces of pictures and crosses were brought to M. Szinksty's house, thrown on a dunghill with the words, "Here is some more dung for you." After the church had been cleared, there remained but a heap of corpses on the floor, and especially on the altar-steps, which they had died to defend. The Cossacks dragged them out and threw them into a lime-pit hard by, or into the water. On the morrow, the poor people in vain tried to find the bodies of these martyrs.

The unhappy peasants were dispersed and fled on all sides, but on every high-road they were met by a picket of Cossacks, who gratified themselves by treating them with every species of cruelty. A crowd had gathered on the shores of the River Krozanta. The Cossacks surrounded them, and the unfortunate people threw themselves into the water to escape the terrible Cossack whips, so that a great number were drowned. Others, covered with blood, were brought back to the market-place before the door of the Government Office in the town, where the Governor and his staff were standing. At the bidding of the Governor a medical man was called, and the Cossacks seized one man and woman after the other out of the crowd, stripped them naked, threw them on the ground, and standing on each side flogged them with the knout. No exception was made even for pregnant women. The doctor stood by to certify how many lashes each could bear. This barbarous proceeding lasted from morning till night, Klingenberg looked on smiling and asking his miserable victims from time to time, "if they now acknowledged the authority of the Governor?" For hours he forced them to kneel before his feet afterwards, where many expired. His shrill voice was heard all over the market-place saying: "You will now have to pull down the church and convent at your own expense. He who resists will be flogged again, and I will confiscate everything that belongs to him, and send him to Siberia."

Several hundreds of those who were arrested are to be tried by court-martial and shot. Every Jewish barn and inn was turned into a temporary prison. Two women died that night in consequence of the flogging. Before dying they implored for the sacraments, but they

were refused to them. On the morrow no Mass was allowed to be said. About one hundred and fifty persons were carried off to the prisons of Taurogi, Rossierie, Szawle, and Telsne. Klingenberg afterwards visited the schools. He took out ten roubles, and giving them to the children to buy themselves sweets, said: "If you dare tell any one of what you saw in the town to-day, the Cossacks will flog you. If you hold your tongues, you shall have more sweets."

Then the Cossacks got leave to have their traditional sacking of the town and neighbouring villages. They broke in the doors, forced open the locks, took everything they pleased, killed pigs, cows, and sheep, beat those who resisted, and did what they liked with the women and children. The houses of both the priests were strictly searched. Nothing was found, but by Klingenberg's orders, both were arrested. The parish priest, the Reverend Renadoki, was lying seriously ill, but whatever he had of money was taken from him. The whole place looks like a desert, and there is nothing but desolation and sorrow throughout the country.

Such is the deed of blood which closed the church at Kroze in spite of the heroic defence of the parishioners. Write it down to the eternal shame of an Empire in which such outrageous violence is done.

In order to give a legal colouring to these outrages, Klingenberg dared to assert that there was a plot arranged beforehand by the peasantry; but that has been abundantly disproved even by the Russian officials themselves, who own that what the Governor called "resistance to authority," was simply the natural action of the people to defend the church which had been the centre of their religious life for upwards of three hundred years.

A very fervent and holy priest who gave me these details concludes his letter thus: "I trust you will do your best to make these terrible facts known in England and that many will raise their hearts to God and pray: 'O God, save the faith in Poland and convert Russia.' Prayer is our only weapon. I intreat you to get all the prayers you can and to induce some holy souls to make acts of reparation to the Most Holy Sacrament for the outrages done in His presence. All England was roused some years ago by the recital of what were called the 'Bulgarian atrocities;' but what were they compared to what is daily happening in Poland, where deeds of cruelty are perpetrated which one would fancy impossible in this nineteenth century. . . . The pressing needs of Father Gromadski have been advocated both in the Polish and the French Press, and some one in France, reading the article, sent him a thousand francs for his orphanage. I can only hope that your article in *THE MONTH* may have a similar effect in England."

In conclusion, we would say that a military man has already written to us after reading the article and sent £10, saying: "It is hard to read of such a touching need and to sit still and content oneself with saying, 'How sad!' while our brethren are crying for help. Unfortunately, calls are very many at home and one cannot do much; but if a lot of us combined to send a trifle, it would be worth his acceptance and would testify to the poor Poles that we are their brethren and not merely Britons!"

One thing we wish to put very clearly and unmistakeably before our readers, and that is, that a solemn engagement was voluntarily entered into by Russia, at the time of the partition of Poland, that she would respect the Catholic religion of the Polish provinces, and accord them entire religious liberty. She is, therefore, deliberately and habitually breaking her pledged word, and forfeiting her honour by acting as she does; while the manner in which she carries out her programme of persecution and proselytism (apparently with the knowledge of the Czar) is only possible in an absolutely barbarous state of society.

MARY ELIZABETH HERBERT.

Thoughts on Casual Controversy.

CONTROVERSY on religion or on the doctrines of religion may be conveniently divided into three kinds, according to the different forms which it takes. Under the first head I would place all *pulpit* utterances, whether they be doctrinal sermons delivered solely for the instruction of the congregation, or directly controversial sermons occasioned by attacks on Catholicism from without. Those coming under this first head are, in the nature of things, exclusively the work of the clergy; and it does not belong to me, as a layman, to offer any remarks on them. I would put into a second class all *published* works, not of a directly devotional character, upon Catholicism or any doctrine of Catholicism or on any question necessarily connected with it. Naturally enough, the production of books of this kind has been for the most part the work of the clergy, though we are all of us familiar with the names of laymen who have devoted themselves to this kind of writing. It does not seem necessary to mention examples of such books. My subject will lead me naturally to give such in their proper place.

The third kind of religious controversy—the one on which I propose to make some remarks and to give some personal experiences—is the exclusively oral and accidental kind. I mean that sort of discussion or dispute upon religious matters to which we are all of us exposed, in a greater or less degree, by our very surroundings, living as we do in a Protestant country and having non-Catholic friends. We cannot, even if we would, avoid all talk on matters religious or ecclesiastical. Our non-Catholic friends may wish to hear a particular preacher or a particular Mass, and after the sermon or the Mass they make their remarks, as we should do if we were in their place. Or numberless other circumstances may arise giving occasion to them to make observations bearing directly or indirectly on religious questions. Now I do not mean to say that we are to

turn every observation made by our non-Catholic friends upon matters religious or ecclesiastical into an occasion for polemical discussion. Too great forwardness in this direction might do more harm than good. And no one can well base any polemical discussion upon a mere colourless remark about the music or the sermon. The music or the sermon *may* lead to a controversial talk, but does not necessarily lead to it. But when a religious doctrine or a question connected with doctrine does come into discussion through any cause, it seems to me that there is scope for great tact or its opposite on the part of a Catholic. In certain broad questions between Catholics and non-Catholics, every Catholic will be ready enough with his answer. And so with most of our particular doctrines. Any Catholic who is asked in a general way, why—as I can conceive a Protestant phrasing it—the Church “makes such a fuss” about our Blessed Lady, will, in answer, recall and repeat exactly or equivalently the answer which he has learned from his Catechism, viz.: “Because she is the Immaculate Mother of God.” This is a sufficient answer for a Catholic, and the non-Catholic who has had it given him is in possession of the Church’s answer to his question. But, just as a barrister cross-examining a witness will found all sorts of questions upon a statement which to an ordinary listener seemed clear and complete enough, so a non-Catholic will often found all sorts of questions upon a simple answer like that I have quoted, precisely because he *is* a non-Catholic.

This leads me to mention the points which, in such a case, or a similar one, the Catholic ought to bear in mind and which there is danger of his overlooking. Of course I assume that the Protestant’s questions are *bonâ fide* and not mere sneers in disguise, and that he is really willing to learn. In the case I have supposed then, I should think it important to keep before my mind such points as these: “Does my friend believe in the Divinity of Christ? Has he a clear idea of the two natures? What is his doctrine on the Incarnation? Does he look upon our Blessed Lady as a mere necessary, material vehicle of Christ to man?” If I know or suspect that my friend has erroneous beliefs upon these all-important matters or—what is perhaps more likely—does not know his own mind on them, it is best first to catechize him accurately on them. We are more likely to make an impression on him in this way than by any answers, however correct, to a number of disconnected and irrational

questions, such as, for example: "But did not our Lord rebuke His Mother for making a request to Him at the marriage-feast? Did He not on another occasion say that those who heard the Word of God and kept it were more blessed than His Mother?" These two questions might be separately disposed of without my friend's gaining any connected idea of the theological relations between our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Another remark which suggests itself to me here is of a more general character, viz.: that it is often not only easier, but better and at the same time perfectly legitimate, to decline treating a particular point or doctrine with strictly theological arguments and to substitute instead some broad moral argument. As an example, let me suppose the case of a Protestant who is full of the idea that the Papal line got into a hopeless and logically insuperable entanglement at the era known as the Great Schism. Here I can imagine that it might be much more practical to impress upon him the manifest vitality of the Papacy from the beginning and how, at the time in question, things—to use a homely phrase—providentially "righted themselves," than to attempt to give him in detail the history of the Council of Constance and the events preceding it, as one might do to a fellow-Catholic.

The moral force of an argument like this is almost as great to-day as it will be when Lord Macaulay's New Zealander arrives to take the seat to be reserved for him on London Bridge. Let me give another example from actual experience. It was my fortune, some time ago, to become acquainted in the news-room of a public institution in my native town—"no mean city," by the way—with one of its oldest and best known citizens. We met every day for months. He was a man of eighty, and the finest specimen that I have ever met with of a man at that age, in full possession of his mental and bodily health. Various conversations put me in possession of the history of his career; and a most exemplary and praiseworthy one it had been. He had risen from comparatively small beginnings to the position of a well-to-do man, without neglecting in the meantime to cultivate his mind, for he had been a diligent and appreciative reader of English literature. He was aware that I was a Catholic, yet I never thought of obtruding religious questions on him. But it happened at last that a long and interesting talk upon the moral character of Christ arose one day out of the turn our conversation had taken.

I do not recollect that he said anything from which, as a Catholic, I felt bound to dissent. He was emphatically in agreement with me upon the superiority of Christ to all other moral heroes. He had previously told me that he attended no particular church, but devoted two hours of every Sunday to reading the Bible, with the aid of a commentary by two Germans. This commentary—I do not know the authors' names—had, it seems, explained away for him a great many things in Scripture which had before been mysteries. So when our discussion was resumed naturally, a few days later, and had taken in wider ground, I found him not at all disposed to believe in any doctrine that puzzled him. This suggested to me the use of a remark made by Fénelon to his convert, Andrew Ramsay, in the course of their discussion on Christianity,¹ and I said to my friend: "Does it not seem clear to you that Christ, as presented to us in the four Gospels, is something more than one whose *moral precepts* are unsurpassed, and who carried them out perfectly Himself in every situation? He uttered other things, not in the nature of moral precepts at all, but mysterious and beyond our reason. He told us, for example, something about eating His Body and drinking His Blood, which, when heard for the first time, must have sounded very strange to His hearers, and rather than modify His words, He allowed some of His disciples to leave Him. So, what do you make of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel? It seems to me that you must simply pass over passage upon passage in the Gospels as practically meaning nothing at all. This reduces Christ to the level of merely one of a number of moral teachers or good men who have appeared at different epochs." My friend made answer: "Well! these mysterious doctrines are matters of opinion." I rejoined that that was so *in fact*, but that it could not have been the intention of Christ that they should be so. He answered that "he had all his life been so accustomed to see and learn things for himself;" and as this was said in a somewhat weary tone, I did not press matters any further. I had never indulged in unwarrantable hopes of converting him in a day or a week, but I had the satisfaction of feeling that I had convinced him that I could at least say something in behalf of my faith.

¹ "You have, as yet, too narrow a notion of Christianity. It is not only a holy law to purify the *will*; it is also a mysterious *wisdom* to subdue the *understanding*." (*Life of Fénelon*, by the Chevalier Ramsay, published in London, 1723. A work that well deserves republication.)

Some time after, as he and I were talking together, something said led a common friend—a lawyer, who was standing by—to enunciate his creed in these terms: “I believe that if a man acts conscientiously up to what he believes to be right, he will be saved.” This was a religious and reverent-minded man, and I used to him the same kind of argument as to the other, and said: “Of course, a man *must* act, at any given moment, according to his conscience and the best of his knowledge. That is a mere moral truism. But cannot a man *inform* his conscience and *increase* his knowledge? The New Testament contains passages about St. Peter, about the Person of Christ, about the Eucharist, and about other disputed matters; and only one out of the numberless opinions on each of these points can be true. To make it a matter of indifference what we *believe*, is to make the book of the New Testament an imposture.” My legal friend did not attempt any reply. *His* state of mind is, I am convinced, that of an ever-increasing number of non-Catholics. Many indeed who could not formulate their belief and who have never tried to do so either to themselves or to others hold the same view unconsciously. It is plausible in itself, but at the same time not difficult to see through for any one who has read carefully some of the many excellent works dealing with it either expressly or incidentally.¹ But it will present itself in different shapes, and with different degrees of force to different minds, whether Catholic or Protestant.

The important thing for a Catholic is to have grasped the difficulty and the answer to it so fully, as to be able to shape the wording of his answer according to the state of mind and knowledge of the objector. I think this is a point that may easily be overlooked. We may assume too much knowledge in a Protestant opponent; it is the safer course to assume very little. *I* may, for example, have constructed out of the abundance of my knowledge of English History a very telling argument against the Reformation. But when *I* proceed to discharge it at my opponent, it may be utterly wasted, because *he* learned very imperfectly, and has forgotten entirely whatever English History he did learn. And we have no right to be too severe on him for this. Any one who was set to learn a number of subjects all together, in his school-days, is to be envied if he has remembered all that he even succeeded in

¹ In particular, *Is one Religion as good as another?* By Rev. John MacLaughlin.

then acquiring. My opponent has probably a much better knowledge than I of *other* subjects than English History. So he must be approached by some other way, if any impression is to be made on him.

Again, I have more than once found that the statement of a Catholic principle or a Catholic doctrine, when put in *plain* and *homely* language, both impresses (and surprises) a non-Catholic, in a manner in which a cut and dried statement in technical language never would or could. I once had occasion to explain to a friend, whose distinguishing mental feature was thoroughness and accuracy in all that he knew, that the Mass was not a congregational prayer led by the priest, but an act in which the priest is sole celebrant. To my own great surprise, knowing that my friend had long possessed a *Garden of the Soul*, this statement seemed quite a revelation to him. The average Protestant *does* wonder why the Mass prayers and words are not said aloud like the prayers in their own churches. Again, I suppose, from a recent experience, that the average Protestant does not hold, or at least does not see any necessity for holding, the perpetual virginity of our Blessed Lady, and will even quote texts of Scripture which, to his mind, are inconsistent with it. To deal with *this* point requires some considerable information and reflection upon particular texts. But that the Protestant should think it a point of no importance is not to be wondered at, if we bear in mind his religious training and his ignorance of the preliminary fact that there are such things in the New Testament as Evangelical Counsels, all of which Christ illustrated in His own person. In this case, then, with an opponent who rejects clerical celibacy, and never heard of the Evangelical Counsel of chastity, I should deem it a singularly unsatisfactory way of meeting difficulties to grapple with particular texts separately. For of many a text of Scripture, *taken separately*, we can positively affirm no more than this, that it *may* bear the Catholic interpretation.

It is now time for me to try and draw some practical lessons from the foregoing remarks and reminiscences. And the first point I would urge is the importance of being able, when occasion offers or requires, to furnish our non-Catholic friends with religious information *out of the stores of our own minds, in our own words*, and not merely by giving them books or tracts. Or if we do find it advisable and feasible to give our friends a tract or a book, let us, if possible, give one with the

contents of which we are ourselves acquainted. The next point of importance is not to attribute to a non-Catholic too much *preliminary* knowledge. We must bear in mind his daily life, and the few or many opportunities it allows him of adding to his knowledge, and the habits of mind it is likely to engender. Above all, it seems to me important to avoid the use of technical terms, when it is possible. For example, the use of the terms *latria* and *hyperdulia*, in explaining to a non-Catholic the difference between the honour given to God and that given to our Lady and the saints, is often likely to be as unprofitable as an attempt to explain to a child the constitutional maxim that "the Sovereign can do no wrong."

In conclusion, I may be asked what I would have the Catholic laity to do. Do I expect them to become theologians and trained controversialists? How is this consistent with their daily occupations? In reply, I can only say that I am well aware that no man, on arriving home after a hard day's work, is much disposed to sit down and apply himself to the study of theology. He is often too tired to apply himself to anything at all of a serious nature, and has every right to recreation or amusement. It is not to be expected that a layman should formally devote his evenings to serious studies other than those bearing directly on his profession or occupation. But, as every householder ought to have and, I suppose, has some knowledge—accurate as far as it goes—about his legal rights and liabilities, and many other matters, so I venture to suggest that every educated Catholic ought to have accurate knowledge about those points connected with religion in general, and Catholicism in particular, which are likely to crop up most frequently in his surroundings. And, for controversial purposes, the power to *explain well* that which we know is still more important.

We have read of various plans proposed or tried, at and since the meeting of the Catholic Truth Society in Manchester, for aiding Catholics in their accidental controversies.

My object in writing is to point out that, independently of any Society, individuals may do a great deal *for themselves*. And this, I think, might be done without undertaking any laborious and express course of study. The most busy of us, at some time or other, dip into a spiritual book. Why should we not, now and then as occasion arises, or we feel disposed, betake ourselves to books that will *instruct us in our faith and its doctrines*? Why should not he who has read, perhaps over

and over again, the New Testament read—say, in the month of May—Dr. Northcote's *Mary in the Gospels*? Why should not he who is familiar with the text of St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians follow it up by reading Father Humphrey's *Other Gospels*? We are recommended in these days to read the New Testament. Why should we not read those books also which constitute valuable commentaries on particular parts, or which put before us general considerations necessary to be borne in mind in connection with all Scripture reading? If we confine our knowledge to those detached portions which we hear read in church, we are in danger of unconsciously imbibing wrong ideas. If I may judge by my own experience, we may unconsciously come to conceive of the Gospels as a collection of short, unconnected narratives, parables, and moral and religious precepts, all easily intelligible to persons in all epochs—like Æsop's fables—and so requiring little or no knowledge of times and circumstances and phraseology very different from our own. Even if we should never be called upon to make any *controversial* use of the knowledge we acquire, it is worth while to remember that questions requiring solution may be suggested not from without only. They will often suggest themselves; and he who has some well-digested knowledge in his mind will often see the answer to them as they arise, without any further investigation. Pope has written that "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" but I do not think it need be, if only it be accurate as far as it goes and if the possessor of it knows that it *is* only a little. It may then be extremely useful.

To any of my readers who may be inclined to rely upon the knowledge acquired at school and upon what we hear from the pulpit for keeping up their religious knowledge I would answer: (1) that the questions and answers of the Catechism are learned too often as mere matters of memory, like the multiplication-table, and are similarly liable to be forgotten. (2) That I have had in view, all along, in speaking of controversy, those *viva voce* discussions, great or small, which fall to the lot of lay-people incidentally in their intercourse with non-Catholics. And these will often be of a kind that does not come so much to the notice of the clergy and so cannot be dealt with orally by them. Of sermons controversial or doctrinal delivered in our churches and chapels, how few there are of which any considerable number of the hearers can say that the questions dealt with are those on which *they* individually wanted enlighten-

ment? This is in the nature of things, and the clergy cannot remedy it. But I would submit that, by the exercise of a little trouble and patience, we lay-people may all of us find out excellent books dealing with most of such questions. Surely the great Catholic writers on matters doctrinal and controversial whom this century alone has produced in England, Milner, Wiseman, and a score of others, intended their works to be read by Catholics as well as by Protestants, and that in a more than merely perfunctory manner.

In what I have said, it will be seen that I have limited my suggestions to one kind of controversy, that kind which stands chronologically first, though not, perhaps, the most prominent just now. But I doubt not that what I have said will apply, in some measure at least, to controversies between religion and scientific and other infidelity, as well as to those between Catholics and religiously-minded non-Catholics.

A LAYMAN.

A Moral Lesson from Nature.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

(*As You Like It*, Act II. Scene 1.)

Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,
Was e'er created solely for itself.

(Dr. Young, *Night Thoughts*, ix.)

THE world, or nature, as the assemblage of all God's creation is indifferently called, is now more than ever become the theme of an endless scrutiny and questioning. What are we and the things that surround us? How came they to be? Whence are they? The beauty of order, the harmony of existence, the laws of life, are these causeless or caused in ultimate analysis, and if so, how? These are the real questions of the day. They are questions of the day far more really and far more fundamentally than home or foreign politics, than commercial or other topics, for they evoke a greater interest, are deeper seated in the minds of men, occupy the first pages of our best reviews, and bring to the press the highest talent and the cleverest books. Yet, except in its present lightness of treatment, the subject of nature's lessons is far from modern. It dates back to the bygone days when "the fool said in his heart, there is no God,"¹ and the Wise Man answered that "by the greatness of the beauty, and of the creature, the Creator of them may be seen, so as to be known thereby."² It is further a most vital question. Give me an answer to any one of the queries above, and I venture to form a gauge which will accurately measure your moral rectitude. You cannot reply without a confession of first principles that prove you either true to yourself or untrue, reasonable or unreasonable, theist or atheist.

"And thou shalt put in the rational of judgment doctrine

¹ Psalm xiii. 1.

² Wisdom xiii. 5.

and truth."¹ The Urim and Thummim of Christian revelation and reason is brief. "God created the world out of nothing in manifestation of His own glory for the good and utility of man."² The antithesis of an independent world, eternal matter or evolved form with chance for principle, is the tryst-word of infidel opponents as well as the axiom of their disbelief. Affected ignorance needs no controversy; and even were this otherwise, the nature of the present article would reject it. Accepting the wholeness of truth, ours is no concern with error. We therefore turn promptly aside from every form of apology, leaving the "Black Stone"³ of the unbeliever to its own anathema and the idolatrous embraces of the infatuate. The scope of the few following pages is to present before the reader an object-lesson, and to introduce him for demonstrator to the mistress-teacher of the universe. . . . And who is she? No seer of ancient times, be sure, shrouded with mystery, nor astute philosopher intelligible only in the porches and academies of Athens or of Rome. She is rather the world's mentor—ubiquitous and omnipresent—speaking withal in soft accent the simple phrase of very truth itself. Men call her with false reverence Nature, and, while neglecting the words of her admonition, would feign an illicit cult of her Divinity. Of truth she is neither god nor goddess, but only the sensible phenomena of physical created things, by which we ought, such is the will of the Almighty, to rise to the Creator. The reviewing and pondering over a few of these *things* by the reader and writer conjointly is the simple plan for learning one of nature's highest moral lessons—man's relation to his Maker.

For this suppose that we have already ascended the summit of a beautifully situated hill-top in the opening days of an old world summer; and that we have left far behind the unquiet town and busy throng for the sake of better contemplation. Far stretching in each direction to the distant framework of the atmosphere's horizon there lies a picture of all varied loveliness. Here in the foreground of its vast conception is a crystal lake fed by the constant contribution of its tribute stream. Of this glad rivulet, free with the freedom of exuberant nature, dancing and glancing, who would dream that yonder glacier (flanking the snow-capped range which forms the background contrasted

¹ Exodus xxviii. 30.

² Vatican Council.

³ The Black Stone of Mecca was kissed and otherwise revered by Mahomedan pilgrims as the nucleus of the world.

with and opposite to the ocean) was its ice-bound home and origin. Yet so it is. To it is likewise due the fertile valley, whose rich crops already speak of plenty and a happy harvest-home. Upon the lake fishermen ply their craft, earning the hearth-bread of contentment. Beside the shore and through the country-side, nestled away in woodlands, are the people's villages, while in their midst God's rustic-spired dwelling points to the Home above, whence all good cometh.

The hill and dale, the broad expanse of water, the luxuriant verdure, and the profusely scattered treasure of art and nature, of which

Not a tree, a plant, a leaf, a blossom but contains
 . . . a folio volume,

have each an individual tale to tell of their great Creator's purpose in making them to spring forth from the abyss of original nothing by the sole mandate of wonder-working Love. Yet as the mind's eye (for truth's visions are of the intellect) glides pleasantly from object to object, it is even more charmed by a sense of the whole's cosmic beauty than by any integral perfections of the parts; for softly and silently, and as with no trace of labour, Parent Unity has woven the varied woof with a golden thread of Oneness, and made of the world,

Where order in variety we see
 And, where, though all things differ, all agree¹—

for us a moral teacher and the best of guides. Behold then with reverence and contemplate with awe the multiple relational dependencies of all things, the adaptation of each to each, and most of all the harmonious accord of homogeneous with heterogeneous natures in every realm of being. With such condiment of thought, how soul-ravishing becomes the scene! and our human curiosity how child-like at its aspect! Nor need we check the babbling stream of many questionings which come to meet these conflicting objects of its apprehension. Ask of the granite boulder which in pride of age rears its cragged height aloft, ambitioning the heavens, what it is? and why? and when it came to be? Even as the scud-clouds, circling its summit, unscathing linger a moment to pass on the next, so have the centuries, may be the millenniums, been with, but now passed away from over, that venerable head apparently unchanged. Yet is this changelessness but a semblance of

¹ Pope, *Windsor Forest*.

deception: for the "eternal hills" are not eternal; the rocks of ages, finite and limited, knew other homes, other states than this, even since the time of their first creation. Deep down in the bowels of the earth, we know not when, a few chemical elements in gaseous form were, by the force of affinity aided likely by heat, reciprocally united in substantial unions. Could our eyes have penetrated those great depths, the compounds formed might have been seen to be the very mica, quartz, and felspar which, simple minerals, under the appearance of variegated crystals, spangle the granite mass they now so integrally constitute. Had we watched further and lingered through the æons of time we had seen the heat to abate, allowing of another force, physical cohesion, to unite in closer contact the particles of divers kind; and last would be enacted before us a vast upheaval and mighty earthquake giving giant-like birth to the world's great rock. . . . And there it stands before us to-day a wonderful monument of labour, time, strength, power, and over all of partial individual action conducive to the whole's welfare! Each particle of the several constituents can tell of tiniest molecules wherein chemical affinity is the bond of union for heterogeneous atoms, as the physical force of cohesion is for those which are homogeneous and for the molecules among themselves. But the granite rock and entire mineral kingdom are but subordinate factors after all of a far greater whole. To this larger whole they owe tribute and pay taxation with their own substance, as a minute inspection of the weather-worn surface of our hardest rocks and cliffs makes manifest. The assessment of this tax is provided for by nature in her most orderly manner. The wind and rain, charged with not more than $\frac{1}{20000}$ th of their volume of carbon-dioxide, but without which they were useless servants, are her faithful officers. Slowly but surely and with all the constant precision of science, under the name of weather, these two patient and laborious agents first dissolve the solid mountain rocks and next, as if by magic, transport them silently along the stream-tracks, rivulets, or ocean, even sometimes winging them through the liquid air itself, to where they are more needed. Wherever the chosen spot be—whether a sheltered alcove of the sea, or some distant barrier reef, or the atoll's deep lagoon or silvery strand—there they are safely deposited; yet now no longer as the hard, barren, soilless rock, but changed and modified, even already prepared for their final transformation into loamy pasture, the

cornfield, or the gladsome garden. Thus we see, and it can be shown in a thousand other ways, that the mineral formation co-ordered in every molecule and atom to its own prosperous condition, is duly subordinated to the well-being of the higher vegetable kingdom which supervenes upon it.

Next, therefore, question the woodland tree. Less old, its history is of even greater interest. From a seed no larger than an ordinary pebble of the shore it has grown to be the giant of the forest. That small cradle nursed its infancy, was its sole supply of food for many days, until in due course, growing amain, it formed a network of most delicate organs of its own. The radicle of the seed first, then its deep diving root soon penetrated the bowels of the earth, making of the rocks its food in plenty. But how can its tender fibrils absorb such nourishment? Once more our chemical force, again in the form of acidulated water, comes to the fore. She plays many parts. This time we are called upon to witness her as the preparer of food for the herb, the plant, and the tree. Once more she dissolves the mineral for the vegetable kingdom, and, skilled cook of nature as she is, serves for the tender mouths of the capillary absorbents the requirements for their nourishment. The dishes are plain but substantial, comprising potash, soda, oxides, silicates, and other elements formative of the plant's various tissues. These simple textures, which are of three distinct kinds—cellular, woody, and vascular—are themselves subordinated to the work of constituting, and performing the functions of, the manifold organisms of the complex vegetable being. Each kind admirably illustrative of nature's order deserves a passing notice. First then consider that which is known as cellular. It is the fleshy or succulent part of the plant, and consists of a great number of irregularly shaped cells adhering together with greater or less compactness. In each small bladder-like cell, containing a liquid composed of oxygen and hydrogen in nearly the same proportion as is that of common water, are found floating grains of starch and colouring-matter surrounded by a few particles of gluten. The starch, resembling in some ways the fat of animals, consists principally of carbon, as the gluten does of nitrogen. And here pause another time to notice how that amidst all this apparent uniformity of structure and constitution, there is still evidenced that wonderful variety of action so characteristic of nature. For to the prisoners of each tiny cell she has duly apportioned the

division of her labours. In a species called "receptacles of secretion," is carried on the manufacture of all kinds of oils and scents, as those of the garden musk-rose, eglantine, and myrtle, of the orange of the grove, the turpentine of the pine and the fir-tree, or the peppermint essence and other aromatic spices of Eastern flora. Here, on the other hand, are "air cells." Their store is a supply of nearly pure oxygen which their inmates have most carefully filtered from the surrounding air. The next set of cells lying close together form "intercellular passages." They are filled with watery fluid, and, communicating with the open air by means of pores in the epidermis, serve the double purpose of respiration and secretion. The woody tissue likewise aids our purpose. It consists of bundles of extremely fine cylindrical cells tapering at both ends and adhering to other hollow tubes of a similar nature. According to the different parts of the tree organism where they are found, these woody tissues are the means to separate ends correspondent to the Designer's mind for His creatures' welfare. Thus in the new-formed rings of the stem and inner bark they are channels for the passage of the ascending sap; while further in, as in the heart of oak, they impart durability and toughness to the wood. "Vascular tissue," very similar to the cellular already described, but tending to elongate into spiral and other ducts, has also its varieties and niceties of functional activities so minute as to baffle any other than a thoroughly scientific description. Finally, recall once more that these simple tissues above indicated are but integrating constituents of the compound organs, which, whether as skin or glands, nutritive or reproductive, for their very complexity of means and unity of end are a life-book for the learned; while the whole living thing in the glory of its vesture is a picture of surpassing beauty for the artist, whose skill nature transcends in every detail of conception and execution; for

. . . Who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast,
Amidst its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?¹

Well indeed is it for us to be here, very well to have witnessed a scene replete with so many exquisite objects for the imagination and for thought, but less well would it be with

¹ Thomson's *Seasons*, "Spring."

too fond delay to linger beyond measure amidst the ravishments of even this vegetable kingdom; for though it be a valley of pleasure, a paradise of delight, it is at the same time the garden and vineyard of another. We have styled it a kingdom, and rightly so, for it owns a monarch, but that suzerain lord is a stranger personified by the animal creation, to all whose needs it is subservient. The grazing cattle of the country-side, the ox and the ass in their manger, even our own poor nature—all these tell of the need of vegetable food for animal nourishment. So close indeed is the relational dependence that it is a well-attested fact that no animal life can exist where the vegetable has not either preceded or exists simultaneously with it. The same order holds between the existence of the mineral and the plant. The golden grain of the soft-waving cornfield has fed first itself on the rich loamy soil, and only after assimilating the mineral matter and changing its nature from inorganic to organic, does it offer the same food for our consumption. This is only one of a multitude of services. Against the chilling blasts of wintry winds no less than against the scorching heat rays of a tropical summer's sun, the forest tree or jungle's bush affords protection for both man and beast. The tree and plant are a source of wealth to us, as they are a source of manufacture and of art. Without the oak-bark in Europe, the mimosa, eucalyptus, or other astringent vegetable substitute in Africa, Australia, and elsewhere, the tanning interest would have to be abandoned, and even the preparation of suitable writing ink become a new problem for invention. Caoutchouc with its recent adaptation, due to the discovery of vulcanization, is a simple preparation of the juice of several tropical plants; while the very foundation of every industry, and especially of the manufacture of iron and other minerals, are laid deep down in the coalfields of our lands, and are known to be only the carbonized residue of ancient forests. If in the department of medicine it be true that at the present day we are more indebted to inorganic than to organic substances, even in that department the search for remedies is daily extending itself in the realm of plants and herbs, which are in fact (as the physiology of the human subject and the practice of primitive ages and peoples evince) the most natural sources of curative virtue. Quinine is a direct product of Cinchona, the Peruvian bark-tree which supplies us also with a great number of useful cinchonaceous compounds. Belladonna,

another familiar medicine, is prepared from deadly nightshade, while opium is nothing but the inspissated juice of the poppy, as is aloes of the aloe. Aconite is from the herb wolf's-bane. Common fox-glove, scientifically known as digitalis, and the yellow dandelion, afford the base of other well-known medicines. The meadow saffron yields colchicine, and the strychnos tieuté the poisonous principle strychnine. The eucalyptus tree, long known as a febrifuge, and by the recent influenza epidemic brought into greater notice, will probably prove a medicinal mine of untold value. But perhaps the greatest service of the vegetable kingdom is in the purification of the air we breathe. Through the stomata or pores of the plant's leaves, the impure carbon dioxide of animal respiration is received, and altered by a decomposition of the oxide. The green chlorophyl of the leaves effects this by retaining in its own interest the carbon necessary for the plant's construction, and returning to us the oxygen we ourselves stand in need of.

And the great animal world itself, who can describe *it*? Its comprehension is so enormous, the grades of its perfection so successive and blending, as to render specification in many cases almost impossible. Think of the myriad creatures, each one differing, yet each one perfect in its kind, and each one more perfect than its predecessor, that range from the tiny monad with a diameter some $\frac{1}{30000}$ th of an inch, to the giant elephant with its not uncommon weight of 14,000 lbs., or the great sea-monster whale, with its forty times greater weight, and length of over a hundred feet, even to the king of all creation—man. Thoughts of admiration burst forth spontaneously at the mere sight of the living sentient things around. What child has not gazed with wonderment at the lowly spider's work as she labours constantly in the building of her house, procuring the daily store, rearing her family? A marvellous construction indeed is that little one of her instinctive genius which man has not yet learnt to imitate nor ever shall. The mere fineness of the threads that form it would outwit human ingenuity. The diameter of the completed thread is $\frac{1}{30000}$ th of an inch. Yet this is not its greatest wonder. Each slender cord is composed of five or six twisted together; and every one of these is formed by the pressing out of a viscid fluid through a teat or spinneret, the point of which, instead of having a single orifice, is perforated by no less than a thousand microscopic openings. And all this scarce conceivable wonder, what is it

but nature's plan for the material well-being of a single spider, and the preservation of its species. The mathematicians of a great University once questioned the fact, whether the hexagonal shaped cells of the bee could be improved upon as regarded their occupying to advantage the smallest possible space. For a moment they cherished a thought of victory which proved a mere delusion. The bee had not erred by the millionth fraction of an inch, for Divine intelligence in its animal instinct had guided it.¹ And so the lives of all the animals that move and have their being, are prolific of a thousand facts of deepest interest. Whether we consider them from an anatomical and structural view—their bones, blood, veins, and muscles—or with the physiologist consider the actions and functions of these, whatever the aspect, there will be discoverable at every stage of our investigation the same remarkable ordination of parts or acts to the individual whole, of individuals to the species, of species to the genus, until the culmination of order seems to end in man. "Thou hast subjected all things under his feet, all sheep and oxen; moreover, the beasts also of the fields. The birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, that pass through the paths of the sea."² And "what a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!"³ There is no being create or increate to elude his ken—his desires and his loves are as boundless as is space itself—all good and only good is the end of his creation. He is the king of all this world. Reason is his throne; freedom his crown; conscience the brightest jewel of his diadem.

A monarch clothed with majesty and awe
His mind his kingdom, and his will his law.⁴

Gaze forth once more from the little eminence of this world. Cast thy eye over river, lake, glacier, and mighty ocean. Physical mysteries of Providence are apparent on every side. Think first of the water of the lake, how that its maximum density being at four degrees of temperature instead of at its freezing-point, the normal for the vast majority of other liquids, providentially prevents the destruction of marine life by preserving its deeper portions warm enough for fish to live in;

¹ Cf. Carpenter's *Animal Physiology*.

² Psalm viii. 6—8.

³ *Hamlet*, Act II. Scene 2.

⁴ Cowper, *Truth*.

and how also that the increased volume consequent on the freezing of water is another protection both for the fish and for ourselves. It is due to this expansion that the specific gravity or relative weight of ice compared with water becomes less, and so allows the ice to float upon the water. Were nature to follow her ordinary course, the fluid water in becoming solid would condense rather than expand. In this case the denser ice would sink, and, removed from all sources of heat, gradually accumulate till the whole body of water became one solid mass of ice subject to a superficial melting only by the rays of the summer sun. The melting of snow or ice requires great quantities of heat to be absorbed. It is the largeness of this latent heat of fusion that preserves Alpine villages from the inevitable catastrophes of unforeseen floods which would otherwise certainly ensue on any sudden change of temperature. It is also a moderator of climates, causing the neighbourhood of large masses of water to be milder than other localities even during the severest frost, so long as the water is not entirely frozen; since to freeze at all, the water must yield up the heat as temperature which, latent, preserved its fluidity, and formerly brought about its previous fusion. Similarly the large quantity of heat required to cause vaporization, and known as its latent heat, prevents the sudden parching of the earth by a rapid evaporation of all our water on a hotter day, or the flood-like deluging of all things on a colder one. Finally, the largeness of amount of heat which water must first absorb before any rise in temperature, and which is known as its specific heat, allows of the storing during summer of vast quantities of heat in our oceans and seas which, slowly emitted in winter, make island climates to be far less extreme in heat and cold than those of larger continents. Next turn to the picture's azure framework and seek there the marvels of the fluid atmosphere we breathe and live in. It is indeed a very ocean of enormous depth in the profundity of which we dwell, unconscious of the enormous weight of a hundred miles of air oppressing us. The pressure on a man of average stature is about 15 tons or 33,600 lbs. Notwithstanding, this prodigious burden is not felt. For the air being a fluid substance presses equally in all directions, and is balanced by the reaction of the other elastic fluids which permeate everywhere the interior of the human body. It is this reaction added to the incompressibility of matter which prevents the otherwise necessary crushing of all

things together. Though itself transparent, air is the great diffuser of light. By its means the sun's rays are multiplied, scattered and propagated in every direction. Were it not for this aerial property, objects not exposed to the direct rays of the sun would become at once invisible. It receives and retains the solar heat of the earth's reflection, thus receiving rays which would otherwise return to space, leaving our planet a barren abode of bitter chill and coldness. In itself air may be considered as a mechanical mixture of roughly 79 per cent. volumes of nitrogen to 21 of oxygen, carbon dioxide from 4 to 6 volumes in 10,000, aqueous vapour in varying quantities from 1 to 1·8 per cent., and traces of ammonia and ozone. Even as such it presents to us a remarkable phenomenon. By all the laws of physics in every liquid fluid mixture where there is considerable difference of density, the various liquids arrange themselves in order of their respective specific gravities—the lighter floating upon those more heavy. Not so is it in the fluid atmosphere. An exceptional law of the diffusion of gases causes a perfect mingling of the component ingredients so as to provide our specific air and save special localities from accumulated and noxious impurities. Relatively to us the atmosphere is in metaphor a general workshop, where the hands of nature form the rain clouds, snow, and the thunderstorm, and where the diffusing and equalizing of the sun's light and heat is carried on, together with many other useful labours. It is, in fact, an all-necessary element for the existence and respiration of both animal and vegetable life, and an indispensable factor in many other ways in the history of the world's physical progress.

Finally, who can raise his eyes to the azured vault above without the well-known words of the 18th Psalm rising from his heart's depths to the lips, and bursting forth in joyful strains of admiration: "The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands. Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night showeth knowledge. There are no speeches nor languages, where their voices are not heard. . . ."

Now reflect, O man, and turn to thyself. Thou hast seen the scale of due subordination in its perfection ever rising—the rock for the senseless plant—the plant for the sentient beast—the beast for reasoning man. And man for whom else can he be ordered but for the God that made him? Man knoweth no

other created king: only the Sovereign Increate and Eternal is his Lord Paramount. To Him he owes peculiar service such as the lower creation cannot render. Other creatures glorify their Creator materially, but only man can formally. They can and do of necessity manifest His superlative perfections by their inferior qualities of beauty, strength, adaptability, and the like; but it is left for intellect alone to give that praise of recognition, which is the formal element of glory to the Creator thus manifested by His creatures. If the stocks and the stones do indeed praise their Creator, and are perfect in their kind, how much more should not man, ordained to the higher perfection of reason! We have watched and wondered at the order found throughout creation. This order is nothing else than the impression of the Eternal Law, or the ordination of Divine Wisdom for the common weal of creation, upon the creature. It is known as the Natural Law, and is of necessary fulfilment in all beings save those which are intellectual and free. In these latter the same law dwells side by side with reason, but free in accordance with the free nature of that faculty. It is the law of conscience—"the light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."¹ Passions and evil habits and wicked early training may so pervert the heart of man that for the moment a dark veil seems to overshadow it with night, and evil is mistaken for good, and good for evil; yet, as the noonday sun ever present but often hidden, the light is there ready at the opportune moment to burst forth in the splendour of its effulgence, whether to admonish and exhort the tempted, or to accuse, reprehend, and punish in silence the transgressor, or to add the last dread sting of remorse to the tale of suffering and woe of the poor lost sinner. "Avoid evil and do good," is a summary of the law of nature. Now man's good refers primarily to mind, the principal part of his compound nature, and secondarily to the material organs of sense, by their nature subservient to the soul. He must therefore direct the powers of his soul to the acquiring of true happiness which, as his ultimate good and last end, is discoverable objectively in God alone. Reason, by virtue of this law, must guide his every footstep in the achievement of this end. It will dictate to him the proper means to be taken whether for his own conservation, for the propagation of his species, for the control of his passions, or for the establishment of those due relations with his fellows

¹ St. John i. 9.

which constitute the bond of natural society. He must honour his father and mother, educate and suitably instruct his children, hold fast to his professional or business engagements, labour for the common good, render to each his due, and do to his neighbour as he would be done by. But all this and more is left to the free indifference of his own choice. Man alone can make or mar himself. "And God said: Be light made. And God saw the light that it was good. . . . And God called the dry land, earth: and the gathering together of the waters He called seas. And God saw that it was good. . . . And the earth brought forth the green herb, and such as yieldeth seed according to its kind. And God saw that it was good. . . . And God created the great whales, and every living and moving creature, which the waters brought forth, according to their kinds, and every winged fowl according to its kind. And God saw that it was good. . . . And God made the beasts of the earth according to their kind, and cattle, and everything that creepeth on the earth after its kind. And God saw that it was good. And He said: Let us make man to our image and likeness: and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth. And God created man to His own image: to the image of God. He created him . . ."¹ But whether to be good or bad there is no express and immediate reference. Each must answer the question for himself and abide eternally by the answer. This alone we know: that, whatever be the wilful disorder and the chaos of moral evil in this life, the rectitude of absolute order will be manifested henceforth and for ever in the day of reckoning, for "The Lord hath made all things for Himself: the wicked also for the evil day."²

HENRY C. DAY.

¹ Genesis i. 3, seq.

² Prov. xvi. 4.

The Father of Italian Painting.

1240—1302.

Cimabue thought
To lord it over painting's field, and now
The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed.
(Dante, *Purgatorio*. Cary's Translation.)

THE first half of the thirteenth century was a dark time for Italian art; and though things were not so bad as Vasari has painted them, there were no great artists until in 1240 was born in that cradle of art, Florence, one destined to become the father of Italian painting, Giovanni Cimabue. His father, a Florentine nobleman, sent him to school at the convent adjoining the beautiful Church of S. Maria Novella, which has contained for six hundred years his most celebrated picture. The boy soon showed more talent for art than for learning, and we are told the novice-master constantly found young Cimabue's books and papers covered with drawings of figures, animals, and houses. Very often the young artist in embryo would escape from school into the church, where he would stand and watch the Greek painters then engaged in decorating one of the chapels—for this was the time when Byzantine art held sway in Italy—and these Greek artists had been sent for by the authorities, in the hope that they would revive the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. But these modern Greeks had lost all of the spirit and much of the power of the ancient Greek artists; they cared much for the money they earned, and nothing for the art they earned it by; hence their mannerisms and conventionality, their stiffness and uncouthness, left much to be desired in their work.

Fortunately for art, Cimabue's father encouraged his son's talent, and allowed him to take lessons of these Byzantine artists, whom he soon outstripped. He endeavoured to introduce flowing draperies, more life and movement into his figures, to

round off the angles* of his masters, to give grace to their formalities, to add a touch of nature to their conventionalities, and although to us who have seen the works of Raphael and of Michael Angelo, of Titian and Tintoretto, he may seem to have failed, yet

A man's aim should ever exceed his grasp,
Or what is a heaven for?

His work was as great an advance on that of the Byzantine painters, whose real strength lay in their mosaics, as Perugino's was on his. To us the fashion of gold backgrounds, and of introducing gold into the body of the picture, may seem barbarous, but it was then considered the costliest and highest art. In mosaic work the effect of gold is as beautiful as it is indispensable, it is the setting for the precious stones inlaid upon it; so it is not surprising that these Byzantine artists who knew its value in that mosaic work of which they were unrivalled masters, should have used it freely in their paintings. Cimabue used it with beautiful effect in the ceiling of the upper church at Assisi, which he painted in fresco; two of the vaults are covered with a turquoise blue ground enriched with gold stars, in the other vaults are medallions containing figures of our Lord, of the Virgin Mother, St. John the Baptist, St. Francis, and other saints, some of which are still fairly well preserved.

He also painted the upper row of frescoes on the north wall of this church; and in the lower church a great part of the ceiling is his work, though the lower church is so dark that it is difficult now to see it. One of Cimabue's advances on earlier artists was his employing life-sized figures in his pictures; his *chef d'œuvre*, the Rucellai Madonna, is the largest figure that had ever been painted till then; it is larger than life.

This is the celebrated picture in the Rucellai chapel, in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence, which Mrs. Browning has described so beautifully in that poetical guide to Florence, her *Casa Guidi Windows*:

A small chapel scarcely lit
By Cimabue's Virgin.

Further on in the poem, she is speaking of Cimabue having discovered in the shepherd-boy Giotto the artist destined to outstrip him, and she makes a remark on this same picture which we feel instinctively is as true as it is beautiful:

I hold, too,
That Cimabue smiled upon the lad

At the first stroke that passed what he could do,
Or else his Virgin's smile had never had
Such sweetness in it.

This is most probably true, for it is a fact that Cimabue gave his life to his art for art's sake, not for money, for he was rich and nobly born and needed not to work for his living; the greater need was his, to work for his own peace' sake.

There was living in those days in Florence an old artist named Margaritone, who died "afflicted and disgusted," as Vasari quaintly puts it, at the success of this picture and the other works of Cimabue and Giotto. It is difficult to those who have seen this Virgin of Cimabue's, now so brown with age, and whose draperies strike us as stiff, her attitude as angular, to imagine the shouts of joy which broke from the Florentines when they first saw Cimabue painting it in a garden of a house in a street which has ever since been known by the name of the Borgo Allegri, in memory of those joyful acclamations. It was in this garden that King Charles the Elder of Anjou was taken to see this wonderful Virgin. When finished this picture was borne in a grand procession with trumpets and banners from the artist's house to the church. A fault which strikes a modern critic in this Rucellai Madonna is the exact likeness between the six angels kneeling round the Virgin, one is an exact copy of the other, each a likeness of all; the hands too of the Virgin are out of drawing, and her attitude stiff and affected.

Cimabue's contemporaries would seem to have judged his character somewhat harshly, for Dante writes that "he thought to lord it over painting's field;" and a later commentator on Dante says Cimabue was so proud and arrogant that if any one saw a fault in his work, he would destroy it, no matter how costly it was, but he adds a saving clause which takes the sting out of his venom, to the effect that the artist would do the same if he saw a fault in his work himself.

We can't blame this as arrogance, on the contrary we admire it as a very noble striving after perfection, for it must have cost Cimabue very dear to destroy the work of months on account of one fault.

With all his advance in art, Cimabue introduced a practice which cannot be commended; to him is due the idea of introducing words into pictures. One wonders that his own artistic sense did not tell him that a picture which could not convey

the artist's meaning to the spectator without the use of written words, was unworthy of the name of a picture.

Cimabue died at the age of sixty during the year 1302 in Florence, and was buried in the Cathedral, the superintendence of the building of which was one of his last works. He made a great deal of money by his paintings and died full of honours, conscious no doubt, and perhaps not sorry, that his pupil Giotto would eclipse him, as he certainly did ; but then had there never been a Cimabue, there would never have been a Giotto, so to him is most justly due his well-earned title of "the father of Italian painting."

For Cimabue stood up very well
In spite of Giotto's (laurel).

In our National Gallery we have a very fine Cimabue in a far better state of preservation than the Florentine one of which it is a replica ; for while the Rucellai Virgin has been blackened by the smoke of candles, the one in the National Gallery is under glass and its six hundred years sit lightly on it. It is a far more striking picture now than the Rucellai, for it is in a better light and in a better state of preservation. The calm sad dignity of the colossal figure of our Lady robed in black is very sweet and touching, but there is no beauty that we should desire in the face of the Infant Christ who is holding up His hand in the attitude of blessing.

The faces of the angels are beautiful and unlike the Rucellai angels, their attitudes are all different ; the picture is smaller than the one in Santa Maria Novella, it is only three-quarter length, while the Rucellai is full length. It is far easier now to imagine the shouts of joy which the Florentines bestowed on the original picture when standing before the Cimabue in the National Gallery, than when looking at the dark, smoke-begrimed picture in the Rucellai chapel.

Close to this picture in the National collection is a Margaritone. The subject being scenes from the lives of the saints, but anything quainter, cruder, stranger, than these sketchy red and brown paintings can scarcely be imagined. We feel Cimabue richly deserved the title the Florentines love to bestow upon him, as we look at Margaritone's quaint productions, for if this were the best his predecessors could do, Cimabue was undoubtedly "the father of Italian painting."

*English Hymnology.*¹

I.

HYMN-SINGING, as a devotional practice, is coeval with the origin of Christianity. Since the night on which the Divine Founder of our Faith, together with His immediate followers, at the conclusion of the Paschal feast, said or sang certain of the Psalms of David, the practice has continuously obtained in every successive age of the Church, in the east and west alike. The psalms actually recited in the Upper Chamber are well known. They were the old traditional hymns usually employed by the Jews on their yearly recurring festival. They were probably sung to some definite and written intonation; and they were necessarily said in the vernacular. Hence, if the data be trustworthy on which these presumably historical facts are based, though they need not be pressed and will not be defended, it is within the limits of likelihood that the earliest record of Christian hymn-singing contains four factors which arrest attention in the study of hymnology. The hymns used by the little company of Twelve, itself the embodiment of the Church of our Lord's day and the germ of the Church of the future, are thus conditioned. They were the production of a past age: they were translated from an ancient source: they were chosen by a recognized authority: they were sung to a musical notation. These four-fold characteristics of the first recorded form of Christian hymnology, in actual usage, partly hypothetical and partly positive, are not without a certain amount of interest, antiquarian, ecclesiological and religious, in discussing one division of the science—for of late years the inquiry has been conducted with almost scientific exactitude—namely, the question of English Hymnology.

The Psalms of David have ever formed the staple of the songs of the Church, in her daily round of sacrifice, praise and

¹ *A Dictionary of Hymnology.* Edited by John Julian, M.A. London: Murray, 1892.

prayer, from the Paschal night to the present day. The psalms, however, have ever been widely and largely supplemented by poetry of another sort, both of an authoritative and of an unauthorized character; both for use in public Offices, and for purposes of private devotion. The Greek, Syriac and Latin tongues almost, if not quite contemporaneously, may severally and with equal justice lay claim to the earliest efforts of hymnody in the Church of this subsidiary and supplemental description. It is impossible to think of the actual worship of God, under the influence and guidance of the New Revelation, apart from this poetical element. Indeed, all three languages inferentially afford evidence of at least the sub-apostolic use of hymns in public prayer. For, it may be accepted as a safe and probable opinion in the history of hymnody, that a venerable and unbroken tradition which leads backward the proof of usage to primitive ages, and the absence of all evidence that such usage was then, or indeed was at any given date, novel, must have its beginning in apostolic custom. Christian hymnody, either in a popular form or in a liturgical dress, in each of these three several languages, existed in the very first age. And what is true of the Latin, the Syriac and the Greek-speaking nations of an earlier date, is true likewise of the comparatively modern and living tongues of Europe. Every nation converted to the Christian faith, whose first religious life has been closely investigated, affords evidence of a greater or a less development of vernacular religious poetry. This is true, whether the nation be linguistically Latin, such as Italy, France and Spain, or of Teutonic race in England and Germany. It is true, whatsoever form such poetry may have taken in different countries, or in the same country at different dates—for popular, missionary or liturgical use; or for devotional, dramatic, lyrical, or meditative purposes. Each nation had its own collection of 'psalms and hymns and spiritual odes:' and in many nations the forms were various, though the more common were the carol, the ballad, the legend; the paraphrase, or imitation, or metrical version of Scripture, the Lord's Prayer, the Gloria and Mediâ Vitâ, the Creed and Commandments; the interlinear or verbal glosses, or intercalated or 'farced' hymns, partly Latin and partly vernacular; or, once more, popular dogmatic hymns composed, so early as the fourth century, either for the direct propagation of the faith, or as a corrective antidote, indirectly, to heresy. In Europe certainly, and probably a similar law

obtained in the East, such religious verse was employed as a subordinate adjunct to the recognized hymnody of the Church, written eventually in its sacred and unalterable language—the Latin.

The more deeply this side of hymnology is studied, the more distinct becomes the evidence of the fact, that in each national church a vernacular hymnody sprung into existence simultaneously with, or immediately subsequent to, the preaching of Christianity in that country. England, certainly, makes no exception to this law; and though the question has not yet received from students and experts the amount of attention which its importance demands, yet, evidence is not wanting, and proofs increase upon inquiry, that in various ages and in different forms almost every description of sacred poetry, including vernacular translations of the hymns of the Church, can be found in the early annals of Christianity in our own country. Naturally, the invention of printing and the consequent facilities for publicity, together with the new learning of the sixteenth century, and all that flowed from its renaissance, at once stimulated the birth of vernacular hymns in most European countries, multiplied the number of hymns, and reproduced them widely, when thus originated. Indeed, to such an extent was the development of hymnody carried, that in Protestant Germany, after the period of the Reformation, the mere accidental in religious worship became marked with features of primary importance, and the exception to traditional and Catholic custom became the law for future usage. That which originally constituted a supplemental and secondary element in the Divine worship of the Church, was elevated to the rank of a substantive part, if not to the dignity of being made an essential element in the public praise and prayer of Protestantism: and hymns, which were formerly considered to be almost the luxury of devotion, became the ordinary and sometimes nearly the sole spiritual *pabulum* of the worshipper, when the functions and privileges of the pulpit, whether devotional or instructive, had been exercised. It is, therefore, at once unhistoric and uncritical to ascribe, as there is a tendency to ascribe, to the Reformation and to the Reformers in Germany, which has ever been the home of sacred song, the origin of Christian hymn-singing. From the nature and consequences of the many-sided upheaval in religion which occurred three and a half hundred years ago, the singing of hymns received a

powerful impetus and a wide expansion. The causes which widened the one and strengthened the other are patent to all students and need not be insisted upon here. But, the utmost which they effected in hymnody was the development of a pre-existent system and the encouragement of an already national custom. They originated nothing new. The origin of hymn-singing, in a language understood of the people, is a fact to be looked for in times long anterior to the date of the Reformers. It is, indeed, coeval with Christianity. The world-wide usage of hymn-singing and its popularity must be ascribed to causes far deeper than those which created the Reformation. Luther wisely adopted and skilfully adapted the methods which he found ready made to his hand; and successfully and largely developed the system employed by former collectors of hymns and compilers of hymn-books, amongst others, by the learned Dominican, Michael Vehe, Provost of Halle.¹ But, vernacular hymns, though they be only translated versions of ancient religious verse were sung by the Apostles of Christ, and by our Lord Himself. In all ages of the Church, in both Greek and Latin Christianity, not to speak of the Syrian, Armenian and other Eastern branches, hymnody has uttered a response to the spiritual demands of a regenerate humanity, if not to the more elemental needs of human nature unregenerated.

English hymnody, however, as it practically meets us in every-day life, can boast of a career of barely two centuries. In theory, it has enjoyed almost to a year, if the limits of time and the range of circumstance be admitted, three centuries of chequered existence. This period is obtained by dating its birth from the issue of the Injunctions of Elizabeth in 1559, and by dating its present degree of maturity, in the year 1859, from the publication of a 'trial copy' of a book which eventually became an epoch-making volume, under the title of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' The Injunctions gave free permission

¹ The Protestant historian Kurtz (sec. 149, n. 8, p. 523), whilst he seeks to minimize and explain away the action of the Church in publishing vernacular hymns, as a counteracting influence to Protestant poetry, candidly admits the priority of date of Catholic collections of hymns. He says that 'Kehrein counts no less than 62 collections of German Catholic Hymns between 1470 and 1631. The most important of these (he adds), were those by Michael Vehe (Leipsig), 1537; by George Witzel (Köln), 1550; John Leisetrift (Cathedral Dean at Budissin), 1567; and the great Catholic Hymn Book (Bamburg), 1625, by Gregory Corner, Abbot of Göttweih.' The writer is indebted to a friend for this confirmation of what had been previously written in the text. Of course, Luther's employment of old Catholic song is well known.

to the Established Religion (as Mr. Bennett, in the volume named at the head of this paper, reminds us), 'to use any hymn, or such like song to the praise of Almighty God, at the beginning or end of morning and evening prayer.' Without any Injunction from the Crown, or any license from Parliament, and with no shred of other authority, sacred or profane, beyond that of the compilers and printers, 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' was the legitimate outcome of such legalized freedom, though produced under very much changed conditions. These changed conditions are obvious, and need not be emphasized here. But, their presence makes it difficult to estimate English hymnody as a consistent whole. Whatsoever may be the legal aspect of the Act of Uniformity, and by consequence the legal aspect of the unity of the religion of England, as a national establishment, the religion of the major part of the English people—as a fact about which there can be no serious question—at the present day, is not national, but denominational. And, as it is with the belief of the people, so it is with the result of such belief which takes concrete form in the contents of the Protestant hymnals of the more devout portions of our over-grown and religiously-divided population. Hymn-books have become, perhaps always were, in England, denominational; and the hymn-book of each denomination is more or less distinct from and different to the like volume of all the remaining denominations which have compiled for their own special use a collection of hymns. In order, then, within the space allotted to an essay, to obtain any comprehensive idea of English hymnology, and of the features, extent, and worth of English hymns in detail, some standard must be selected by which to calculate its quality, to measure its proportions, and to mark its development or decadence. Probably, no more convenient, nor equally comprehensive standard can be found than the hymnody of the Established Religion. Certainly, without committing ourselves to a more definite statement for or against the compilation, no book so widely expresses the average mind of the members of the Establishment, as the volume which now commands a sale, not by the thousand, nor by the ten thousand, but by the million.¹ If therefore we may be allowed mentally

¹ From a statement put forth by the Editor, it appears that this almost phenomenal sale had reached twenty-five millions in the year 1875, *i.e.*, before the last edition had been issued. Report says that on the day on which the enlarged edition was published, a million of copies were sold.

to take this well-abused and widely-used book as a sort of 'Winchester measure,' or national standard of hymnody, we shall be the more easily able to discuss wherein English hymns may excel and wherein English hymns may fail, if not the further and more difficult question, in what may consist a perfect ideal, not yet worked out into practice, of an English hymnal. And these points may be discussed without more than an occasional reference in words to 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' a hymnal with which it may be taken for granted that the majority of our readers are acquainted, even if they be not familiar.

Two canons of hymnody appear to the writer to be indisputable, one positive, and one negative. It may be wise to name them, as later on they will affect the argument. Firstly, any hymn-book which deserves to be accounted as a due representative of the hymnody of a nation, must be able to point to a nucleus of hymns by members of the national religion around which may be transplanted, and with which may be combined, contributions from other sources. And, then, in view of any consistent theory of historical Christianity, no hymn-book which aspires to be of purely national production only, and fails to include contributions from other sources, in the common tongue, can be described in character otherwise than non-Catholic, sectarian, and denominational. Without burdening the page with a catalogue of well-known names, by way of proof, it may be taken for granted that the Church of England can point, with facility and pride, to a goodly number of competent writers sufficiently gifted to create a national school of hymnodists, and sufficiently strong to lay the foundation of a national collection of hymns. And in the vague term 'writers,' not only authors of original hymns are meant to be included, but those that are translators also who, in the case of hymns, may be fairly considered as authors in the second degree. This statement meets the requirements of the first and positive canon. But, a power and a basis are not enough for the purpose here contemplated. Collection and choice, as preliminaries to compilation, are demanded to warrant an escape from the terms of the negative and second canon. Outside the borders of Anglicanism, there exist well-defined and very different elements of hymnody whose contributions cannot be ignored, but, on the contrary, have to be entertained. Without venturing upon a scientific definition of these external elements

—for in practice they frequently overlap each other—it may be said that, speaking generally, they divide themselves into three classes. They consist, partly, of hymns of home growth, perhaps of a different theological complexion from the hymns which form the nucleus of the collection; and in any case, by authors who are theologically external to the fold which includes the writers of the nucleus, and who may be termed, briefly, Nonconformist. They consist, partly, of hymns from foreign and modern sources, of similar character to both the divisions already named, which have been rendered into English, chiefly from the German. They consist, partly, of hymns of varied type and kind, of which, if it cannot be said that the former classes were powerless to produce them, it may be truly said that the former classes have failed to produce them. And these are hymns from ancient Catholic sources; hymns which from adequately supplying acknowledged wants, in a large variety of ways, have frankly been accepted for use, and deservedly have become naturalized amongst us.

These three fresh elements seem, at first sight, to break the unity and to mar the uniformity of the compilation, and to be disturbing ingredients in the plan of a national collection of hymns. But, this is by no means the case: and in truth they become the supplementary and perfecting constituents which afford unification to the plan. Each several addition of beauty and value in itself, when made with discretion and taste, introduces a new element of completeness; supplies some defect which is seen or felt; furnishes some feature, apart from which entire harmony could be predicated of no hymnological creation. And it is worthy of note, that these three elements have contributed each one its own share to the common gathering of national hymnody—not indeed at one date, nor within the covers of a single volume, but, in fact, so soon as the possibility of contribution was opened in each class and through the medium of a common language. For, the hymn student need not be reminded that from the very first years after the Reformation, hymns from two of these subsidiary classes were translated into the vernacular; and that, almost so soon as there existed Nonconformists to the Established Religion, there arose hymn-books for their edification in the vernacular. The ‘*Ghostly Psalms and Spiritual Hymns*’ of Bishop Coverdale, published about the year 1539, consisting of forty-one pieces of poetry, includes not only translations of

original German hymns, but also versions of old Catholic hymns, of Scriptural paraphrases and adaptations of the Psalms of David, of which rather more than one half are from known or unknown German authors, and rather less than one half are from the pen of Luther. From the date of this volume to the present day it may be truly said, that no collection of hymns has been entirely free from the influence derived from the presence of these two factors in English hymnody, German hymns and hymns from ancient Latin sources. Whilst the influence exercised by English hymnodists external to the national religion, may be gauged from the words of a writer in Mr. Julian's Dictionary, who says, in relation to Wither's abortive effort to create a hymn-book for continued use in the Church of England that, 'but for the Puritan reaction, the development of original hymns might have begun in the time of the Stuarts, within the Anglican Church, instead of being delayed a century, to originate among the Nonconformists.' In any case, these three integral parts of a national hymnody tend to enrich the general tone of English hymns, and to perfect any particular hymn-book into which they may find admittance. In combination with original hymns of native growth, within the bounds of the national religion, after three centuries of expansion, they have been instrumental in helping to develop a vernacular hymnody which has become more than denominational, more than national, more even than can be covered by the range of English influence, and which may almost be termed cosmopolitan. So much can be affirmed of no other national hymnody with which the writer is acquainted. It may be within the provisions of a particular providence, that the world-wide dissemination of our own 'sweet mother-tongue' may be one means of diffusing amongst the nations of the earth, whether in English, or in translations for missionary purposes, the many-sided wealth of hymnody which has become, by creation and adoption alike, the heritage of the English people. And the three extraneous influences to which reference has been made, each one of which imparts new and rich and healthy conditions into Anglican hymnody, are these, namely, the hymns and sequences of the Roman Catholic Church, of course done into the vernacular; translations from the German hymns, lyrics, and chorales; and the Protestant Nonconformist contributions to sacred song.

Each one of these three elements, in their several propor-

tions, are represented in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' It was on this ground, amongst others, that the volume was selected as a representative book of English national hymnology. But, it must be frankly owned that not one of the three is more than very partially represented in its pages; and it must be critically contended that, in any hymnal which aspires to even comparative completeness, these elements must be accorded a more generous, a wider, and a less inconsistent representation. The tender subjectivity, the deep pathos, the individual experience, the outpouring of the soul with God, in sorrow or sickness, in tribulation or distress, in remorse and anguish, in temptation and in sin, which characterize some hymns of dissenting origin must be supplemented by stronger spiritual food. They must be joined with the bold masculine verve and moral dignity of many hymns from the German Fatherland—many of which can boast of a Catholic origin—to create a hymnody which will inspire the will and inflame the intention and encourage the feeble and strengthen the strong, and prove acceptable to men and not alone to women. And to these two elements of feminine softness and masculine fervour must be added another element, which combines both these features in the moral and physical order, and inoculates them both with further influences for good in the supernatural and spiritual order. Amongst these higher influences may be mentioned other ingredients of a national hymnody which will act as leaven to those already named—the objective reality of commingled dogma, mystery, historical fact and ascetic devotion which are characteristic of the Catholic contributions from the ancient office books of the Church. These various elements must be assimilated—must, that is to say, if a hymnal worthy to be termed national can ever be produced. In combination with the varied beauties and sterling qualities of the hymns from Church of England sources, these three external adjuncts are capable of producing, and to a certain extent have produced, a hymnal in the English tongue of which none need to be ashamed, but of which the originators (now mostly gone to their last account), may even be humbly proud; a hymnal which, however practically imperfect at its inception, was theoretically unique in the annals of Christianity; a hymnal, as has been suggested, which still is the valued possession of millions of English-speaking people.

The main reason, however, for treating 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' as a representative work does not lie in its performance, though this is far from contemptible, but in its conception, which is near akin to perfection. The book appeared at a critical juncture in the history of English Church hymnody, almost mid-way between the revival of the modern attraction towards hymns and the present time. Between the years 1820 and 1860, upwards of one hundred Anglican hymn-books had been published of sufficient importance, or sufficiently diverse from their neighbours, to warrant their titles being indexed in the Dictionary of Hymnology. During the thirty odd years which have elapsed subsequently—if the divisions in arrangement adopted by Mr. Julian be allowed, namely of Collections not for congregational use, Supplementary Hymn Books, and New Editions of old books, and if all record of Foreign Anglican Mission Work be omitted—about a like number have appeared from the press. Including fifty volumes earlier in date than 1820, these 250 hymn-books form a fractional part only of the hymnals which have been 'published since John Wesley printed his little book at Charlestown in 1736.' These contributions towards a national hymnody Mr. Julian estimates at 500 volumes. But, to confine the reader's attention to the 250 books which are catalogued in the Dictionary, it may be noted that, under the influence of the theory of the survival of the fittest, only about 50 of these books practically exist to-day. These fifty hymn-books the editor almost equally divides between those of the older Madan and Toplady type of compilation, combined with those of the moderate Evangelical party on the one hand; and those of the more modern and advanced High Church Schools on the other. A conciser estimate put forth a few years ago tends to indicate, however, the gradual decadence in popularity of the former types of hymnal and the gradual advance of the representative book of the latter type—at least, if the statistics of London are a trustworthy guide to the use of the Anglican Church at large. In the metropolitan area there stand recorded upwards of 1,000 churches of the Establishment whose hymnals are tabulated. Of these, nearly 80 are classified as 'not reported,' in the use of a special hymn-book, or as employing a volume which is used in too few churches to affect the general statement, *e.g.*, in from 8 or 7 churches only down to two and even to one church. These figures leave a residuum of 938

churches whose hymnals are accounted for. Of this aggregate number, 580 churches are pledged to the use of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern;' 183 prefer the Hymn-books of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and 175 rest content with what the list curtly terms 'Bickersteth,' *i.e.*, the hymnal compiled by the Protestant Bishop of Exeter. Thus, in a period of thirty years, 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' has established a supremacy in use of nearly two to one over the combined figures of its two most popular rival hymn-books; and with these exceptions has become, in the London diocese, almost a monopoly. Indeed, later statistics give evidence of a complete supremacy and a more entire monopoly. Little more need be said to show the practical hold which this collection of hymns has taken upon hymn-singing Church of England people; and by consequence, the practical test which it affords of average Anglican hymnody. Whilst of its theoretical value Mr. Julian affords us another proof in the same direction. Its principle of compilation is so widely esteemed in the Established Religion, that, during the last thirty years, 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' has become the victim of the sincerest form of flattery, namely, of imitation. It has been calculated in the Dictionary that the 'number of books which can scarcely be distinguished from 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' except in their arrangement of hymns, the substitution of one translation for another, and the presence of a few original compositions, number about fifteen.' This disagreeable mode of flattery is, at the least, an unimpeachable witness to the soundness of its hymnological principle of compilation. And it is to this creative soundness, and to the originality of its conception, in acknowledging the principle of its four-fold contents—and not to the working out of the principle, upon which many opinions may be justly formed—that the book owes its unique position as the most representative English hymnal possessing national characteristics.

Previously to the issue of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' it must be confessed, English hymnody of a national character, in the four-fold combination above described, had hardly received fair play. It cannot be denied, however, that since the more critical revival of hymns, whether in hymn-collecting or in hymn-singing, has obtained in England, let us say, from the birth of the Oxford Tractarian Movement—much good work has been effected in each one of these four divisions separately.

Indeed, at one time, there existed almost a glut of books of sacred verse, lyræ and other, in the literary world; and the market, to use the language of commerce, became overstocked. The verse products were depreciated in value, were not sold, and fell out of circulation; and many of them are now only to be found in second-hand booksellers' shops. Indeed, it is mainly on the shelves of those few persons who have cultivated a life-long interest in hymnology that even a per-centage of the sacred song of the last half-century can be consulted. Of course, and not unnaturally through the renewed relations with the Fatherland which characterized the earlier part of the present reign, German hymns became widely popular, became almost the rage. Catherine Winkworth, Miss F. E. Cox, the two talented sisters, born Borthwicks, who translated 'Hymns from the land of Luther,' Richard Massie, Mr. A. Tozer Russell, and many more translators, almost flooded the country with sacred lyrics from the German. These translators carried on the natural tradition of love for German hymnology which had originated at the date of the Reformation under Bishop Coverdale and his fellow-exiles, Cox and Wisdom; which broke out with vigour under the auspices of the revival of religion under the Wesleys; which culminated in the earlier half of the Victorian era. The latest phase of popularity, however, has been the most vehement and the most prolonged. In any case, English hymnody was enriched both in quality and quantity by the nineteenth century search for German sacred lyrics. The translators named, and others, introduced to the nation both new hymns of many fresh authors and many fresh hymns by the same authors, who had gained popularity with a former generation. Neither were those who rendered the hymns fastidiously particular as to the religious opinions of the hymnodists whom they rendered anew or again. All phases of hymnological faith seemed to be welcomed as grist to their mill: and Pietists, Moravians, and Rationalistic Protestants are found in literary company, within the boards of the same book, with Catholics and the more orthodox followers of Luther and the older stock. Thus English hymnody was almost suddenly invaded by translations from Paul Gerhardt, Gerhard Tersteegen, and Johann Franck, from Gellert and Klopstock, from Schmolck and Freylinghausen, from Zinzendorf and from the Catholics, Johann Scheffler, surnamed Angelus Silesius, and Anton Ulrich, Duke of Brunswick.

Translators from the office-books of the Catholic Church were even more numerous than those from the German tongue—so numerous and many of them so very much like one another in word and phrase, as they were necessarily similar in thought and idea, that their personality and their renderings become somewhat confused by lapse of time and failure in memory. Some versions and versifiers, however, stand pre-eminently above the ordinary run of average translations and translators. Among the earlier and more powerful individualities in verse of this kind—to speak only of those works whose editors have passed away—may be named Mr. Chandlers' 'Hymns of the Primitive Church,' one of the first and ablest of the translations; W. J. Copeland's (the Anglican editor of Cardinal Newman's Sermons) 'Hymns for the Week and Season;' Father Caswall's 'Lyra Catholica,' the first rendering of all the hymns in the Breviary and Missal; the Dominican Father Aylward's many versions, hitherto uncollected; the Protestant Bishop Mant's 'Ancient Hymns;' Mr. J. D. Chambers' 'Lauda Syon;' P. S. Worsley's few but extremely poetical versions; Isaac Williams' translations from the Paris, and J. W. Hewett's translations from the Roman, Breviary; Robert Campbell, of Skerrington, whose versions were originally anonymous, and were pronounced *facile princeps* by Dr. Neale, and were utilized by that versatile genius; and, not to mention more, the translators of the Cambridge Campden, afterwards the Ecclesiological Society, and notably of them, John Mason Neale.

These and many another translator, whose names even cannot be mentioned, introduced the English world to an entirely novel sphere of hymnody, replete with new ideas, new feelings, new aims, new objects. It is true that a small number of special hymns from the Office Books were rendered very early in the Reformation days and after; and that the 'Veni Creator,' by Bishop Cosin, the hymn for Prime, 'Jam lucis,' in addition to the 'Te Deum,' 'Gloria in excelsis,' 'Mediâ Vitâ,' and certain paraphrases from the Latin were not unknown. Crashaw, the Canon of Loretto; the Jesuit martyr, Southwell; John Austin; R. Verstegan, printer and publisher, poet, antiquarian, and confessor; the Catholic poet laureate, 'glorious John' Dryden, also did their best to popularize the hymns of the Catholic Church. Moreover, there were published from time to time translations of the office hymns in the Primers, of which three at least are readable, the last being almost demon-

strably by Dryden (1706); the earliest version bearing the initials of R. Verstegan (1599); the middle one (1619) only certainly not by Drummond of Hawthorden, though some, but not nearly all the hymns exist, probably as copies, in his handwriting and were claimed for him, apart from further stated evidence, after his death. 'Only certainly not':¹ because no good Protestant poet would, in those early days, have translated Popish hymns; and no good Catholic publisher would have printed such translations in his Primer; and no evidence is known, even to suggest that Drummond was a convert. Yet, these efforts were limited by circumstances and their success was proportionately small. It was reserved for the central portion of the present century to reproduce in our tongue, at first the chief riches of ancient and mediæval hymnody, and later on, and more indiscriminately, the main bulk of the office and other hymns of the more widely diffused Breviaries and Missals of Western Christendom. The result of this disclosure of hymnological wealth, which was suspected by few and was known only to students, was to enlarge the borders of English sacred song to a wider extent even than it had been expanded under the sanction of German influences. And our national hymnology is at once enlarged and enriched by the poetical compositions of the following authors, actually or traditionally—St. Ambrose and St. Gregory (Hymns for the Festivals), and others, and their school of hymnists; Prudentius and Sedulius; Venantius Fortunatus, Robert of France, and Charlemagne; Adam of St. Victor (Sequences), St. Thomas Aquinas (Eucharistic Hymns), Thomas of Celano (Dies Iræ), and Jacopone ('Stabat Mater dolorosa' et 'Speciosa'); St. Francis Xavier and the two Bernards; the celebrated hymn-writers of the Paris Breviary, the three Santeuils, Charles Coffin, and others; and other less well-known and less well authenticated poets, together with unknown writers of local uses.

Orthodox Church of England hymnals, containing not only new compositions by their editors and compilers, but compositions from various sources also, paved the way for the advent of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' Amongst these must not be forgotten one of the first, if not quite the earliest of English hymnals proper—*i.e.*, books whose contents, while not ignoring

¹ It is right to say that the 'Dictionary of Hymnology' contests this denial of Drummond's authorship, whilst it supports the claim first made for Dryden in the 'Dublin Review,' 1884.

the Psalms of David altogether, were not equally divided in their contents between psalmody and hymnody. This is Bishop Heber's posthumous small volume, which he vainly endeavoured so early as in the year 1820 to get authorized by Archbishop Sutton of Canterbury, entitled, 'Hymns written and adapted—note the embryo of reform, not to the daily, but—to the weekly Church Service of the year.' This poetical and scholarlike collection included a few hymns by Ken, Scott, Jeremy Taylor, Addison, Dryden, and others; but was chiefly composed of original hymns by two new writers, the Bishop himself and his friend and intimate, who died not many years ago, Dean Milman, of St. Paul's. Heber's modest but fine collection (1827) was succeeded, if we may follow the lead of the Editor of the Dictionary, by Stowell's and Bathurst's books (1831); by (the elder) Bickersteth's, Lyte's, and Elliott's hymnals (1833—1835); and by the old-fashioned and favourite book known as Hall's 'Mitre' (1836). The hymn-books, perhaps a score in number, some of them valuable and popular compilations, which were superseded by, or absorbed into 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' need not be named, and may worthily be forgotten. Hardly one of the class represented by the latter book remained in use, or by comparison deserved to remain in use, though a few possessed marked and individual excellencies. Amongst other Anglican books of a like but earlier date, it may not be amiss to recall the hymnal of Mr. W. J. Blew (a school-fellow of J. H. Newman, and now, perhaps, the Nestor of modern English liturgiology), published under the title of the 'Church Hymn and Tune Book'—a book rich in translation from Latin sources; the almost venerable 'Hymnal Noted,' composed entirely of ancient hymns; Lord Nelson's 'Salisbury' book, with a large number of John Keble's verses; Bishop Wordsworth's original 'Holy Year;' the 'Church Hymnal,' by Cooke and Denton; Kemble's, Mercer's, Darling's, and Chope's Hymnals. Amongst those of a like but later period are, the St. Alban's 'Appendix to the Hymnal Noted,' mainly compiled by Mr. H. A. Walker; the 'Book of Praise,' with some fine originals, by the late Archer Gurney; Dr. Littledale's 'People's Hymnal,' containing, under very many aliases, a large number of that gentleman's translations; the 'Hymnary,' and 'Hymnal Companion,' and 'Church Hymns;' Lord Selborne's and Dr. Kennedy's collections; and lastly, Godfrey Thring's 'Church of England Hymn Book' (1880—1882)—the book which,

according to the account in the Dictionary appears to be the nearest, completest and best repetition, not to say bluntly, imitation, of the modes and methods of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.'

Lastly, Nonconformity has contributed largely to the bulk, as well as to the wealth, of English national hymnody. Foremost amongst its efforts, the hymns of the Independents demand notice. Accepting the neatly-worded remark of Mr. Julian, the conviction that the venerable hymnodist, Isaac Watts, 'could not sing for all men and had not sung for all time,' resulted in new efforts to supply obvious wants. These efforts may be gathered from Mr. Julian's article, 'Congregational hymnody,' but are too minute for reproduction here; and by a leap and a bound we may advance to the year 1836, when Conder issued his 'Congregational Hymn-book,' which contained upwards of six hundred hymns. This was followed more or less rapidly by a well-named 'Comprehensive Hymn-book' (of one thousand hymns); by another, with an equally suitable title, the 'Original Hymn-book;' and by one or two more. These abortive efforts, all being pronounced partial or complete failures, were anticipations and preludes to the 'New Congregational Hymn-book' of 1859—a sort of Nonconformist rival to the Anglican type of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' compiled with marked differences on similar lines. Dr. Dale's 'English Hymn-book,' with not fewer than 1,260 hymns, appeared in 1874. Horder's 'Hymnal for the Free Churches,' with its 'large importation of refined American hymns,' was published in 1884. These, together with Allon's old-fashioned 'Congregational Psalter' of 921 hymns; and the latest collection of nearly 800 hymns, compiled more closely in accordance with the spirit of the age, by the Congregational Union itself, 'by the somewhat extended admixture of Anglican hymnody,' completes the list of the more important contributions of the Independent body to English Hymnology.

Methodism, says the author of the article in Mr. Julian's Dictionary on 'Methodist Hymnody,' has 'made liberal contributions to the hymnody of the Christian Church.' When the reader learns, or is reminded, from the same source, that Charles Wesley, alone of the Wesley family, wrote hymns for fifty years, and left behind him upwards of 6,500 hymns and sacred songs, the epithet employed above might perhaps have been emphasized without indiscretion. In the

Hymnal published by the Wesleyan Conference (in 1800), and in the Supplement to it printed in 1831, out of 769 hymns, not fewer than '668 are by the Wesleys (father and three sons), and 101 by twenty other authors,' of which Watts wrote 66. Between the years 1873 and 1883 (for the author, apparently, has failed to state the exact date), the 'Methodist Hymn-book' was put forth as the standard volume of the Connexion; and by combining 539 hymns of the original edition of 1800 with a new Supplement, an aggregate of 1,026 hymns was created; seven-tenths of which were from the pen of Charles Wesley, the most frequent contributor to the residue being Doddridge, Montgomery, and Watts.

Baptist contributions to English hymnody stand altogether on a lower footing critically and in literature than the sacred songs either of Congregationalism or of Methodism. In place of the familiar names of Wesley, Doddridge, Watts, Dale, and Conder, we read in the article on the subject, in the Dictionary of Hymnology, the names of Keach, Barton, Boyse, Stennett, in the seventeenth century; of Deacon, Dan Taylor, Anne Dutton, Turner, Wallin, Needham, and Jones, in the eighteenth century; and of Burton, Mrs. Saffery, Evans, Mote, Denham, in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and in the latter years of the same era, of Elven, the Goadbys, Balfern, Mathams, Wigner, Provis. It may argue ignorance on the writer's part, but he ventures to say that few of these names are more than names with any but a small per-centage of hymn students outside the charmed circle of the persuasion in question. Of course, there appear other names that are not unknown, even if they do not belie the judgment of the Dictionary, that 'few writers of eminence have appeared among the Baptists during the present century.' Amongst others, not confining the record to hymnodists of the present century, are the names of Anne Steele, Mrs. Flowerdew, Baptist W. Noel, and C. H. Spurgeon. With the aid of these poets and pastors, and of other writers of hymns, the sphere of English hymnology has been sensibly enlarged during the last half-century, by the very substantial increment of books containing hymns—though the majority, of course, be not distinct and different hymns—to the aggregates of nine, ten, eleven, and even twelve hundred separate hymn compositions. One of the latest and largest of these bulky tomes is a hymnal designated with characteristic sectarian egotism, 'Our Own Hymn-book,' and referred to in the

Dictionary, in obedience to the current fashion of puzzling common-place persons with needless initial abbreviations, as the 'O. O. H. B.,' was produced under the editorial auspices of the late Mr. Spurgeon.

It will not have escaped the reader's attention that, in rapidly discussing the rise of Church of England hymnody, the names of the compilers of the hymnals were given, but the names of the authors of the hymns, as a rule, were omitted. The omission was intentionally made, on these amongst other grounds. In the first place, the lines of the argument would have been too widely stretched to have included all the names, or indeed the more noteworthy of them; and had all the more eminent been catalogued, it might have been invidious, in the life time of many of the hymnodists, to have distinguished between them. If any person demurs to the correctness of this estimate on the multiplicity of the Anglican writers of hymns, he may be reminded that 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' in its prime—*i.e.* in its revised and second edition, after it had emerged from its tentative stage, and before it entered, by over enlargement into its period of decadence—included the work of upwards one hundred writers, translators and compilers, all of whom were, or are, it is believed, members of the Established Religion. In the next place, one characteristic of the hymnody of the Church of England is probably shared with the collected hymns of other denominations; and this too had its weight. For, one cause of the virile strength and wide popularity of Anglican hymnody, in its most favoured aspect, namely, when judiciously selected, lies in this fact. Its hymns are not the production of a few of its chief poets; but rather, are the efforts in the aggregate of a large body of second rate writers, of sacred poetry, who have produced, speaking generally, one, but sometimes more than one, hymn of primary value and of exceptional worth. In this respect, and not to press the analogy too far, Anglican authors are comparable to many of the old Christian writers of hymns. The greatest of the hymns which have endured for ages, and whose laurels are as green now as ever they may have been, were either the sole, or the exceptional work of their respective authors. In any case, these monumental and isolated creations in hymnology stand almost, if not quite, alone in their glory. For instance, the 'Dies Iræ,' 'Stabat Mater,' 'Vexilla Regis;' the hymns of St. Fulbert, St. Odo, St. Theodulph; those of Rabanus and Marbod; the 'Veni Creator

Spiritus' and '*Veni Sancte Spiritus*;' the poems of St. Peter Damian, the Eucharistic hymns of St. Thomas Aquinas, and even the hymns of Saints Ambrose and Gregory, who wrote only a score between them—though they be to an extent exceptions—these serve for examples. For, there has been no counterpart in the Establishment to Wesley and his 6,500 hymns, among the Wesleyans; nor to Doddridge and his 400 sacred lyrics, among the Nonconformists generally; nor to Dr. Watts, from whose voluminous hymns Mr. Julian quotes the first lines (perhaps, somewhat needlessly) of 454 hymns, which he affirms to be still in 'common use' at the present day; nor to James Montgomery and his 400 original lyrics, of which upwards of 70 are in common use; nor to Father F. W. Faber's 150 Catholic hymns, which, although many of them have found an entrance into almost every Anglican hymnal published in the last forty years, yet are sung alone and with no addition in only one church—and that the church of Faber's own foundation, the London Oratory. The only approach to such monopoly in hymns, within the bounds of the Church of England, is to be found in the '*Olney Collection*.' This collection consists of 350 hymns, of which about one half were the composition of William Cowper and John Newton respectively, the one contributing 67 hymns, whilst 61 hymns of those contributed by the other are still, the Editor of the Dictionary tells us, in common use. And the influence of the '*Olney Hymns*' as a whole, though the like be not true of individual hymns of both coadjutors, has been comparatively small.

Moreover, as a further reason for not naming by themselves the chief writers of hymns of the Church of England, this thought had weight. For the purpose of the present inquiry, viz. in view of national hymnology, no valid reason exists for assigning each English hymnodist to the Protestant denomination to which he may belong. If less critical, it is certainly a broader and a juster line to take in discussing British hymnody, to ignore denominations, in the same way as nationalities are usually ignored in the same inquiry. A lover of hymns does not generally inquire whether the author of his favourite hymn be of Scotch, of Irish, of American, or of English blood. Neither is it of obligation to a full appreciation of the sacred lyric that he be told whether any given hymn be Baptist or Independent, Wesleyan, Presbyterian, or Church of England

in origin. So long as contentious topics and controversial subjects be avoided, and the fundamental verities of a common Christianity are not denied, or are taken for granted, a hymn may be fairly judged by its contents, its intention, its rhythm, its language, and for congregational purposes, by its 'swing' or capacity for being heartily rendered to music. Indeed, the writer indulges in a theory which he will not pause to defend, that the same broad and liberal law may be taken with regard to translated hymns, as well as to those of original composition. When once a hymn has proved its right to existence by successfully becoming popular, there is little to be gained devotionally—the final cause of popular hymn-singing—though much may be added to intelligent criticism, to learn that the hymn was written in the seventh or eighth century and of Greek origin, or that its parentage is non-English and its date not of the present era. If the hymn takes possession by storm, as some hymns have done, of devotional England of to-day; finds a place in every hymnal, or in hymnals of wide and yearly increasing circulation; and strikes a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the multitude who sing it—it is idle, and worse than idle, from the present point of view, to waste time and energy over the accidents of its birth and date, of its origin and antecedents. To all intents and purposes such a hymn is an English hymn, is an unit in the national hymnology of England; and whatsoever may have been its parentage and date—and this broad description may be allowed to cover the denomination of its author, his nationality, the date at which he wrote, and the facts of the creation of the hymn, whether the sacred lyric be original, adapted, translated, or imitative.

For instance, and putting Catholics and experts out of the question, who, when the number and first words of a hymn are 'given out' in a place of public worship, thinks first and foremost of the religious profession, or other similar accidents of its author? Of course, exceptions may be mentioned, exceptions to a law wider than themselves. But, it may be confidently affirmed that the first thought which strikes the mind of an average worshipper is not whether the author were Protestant or Catholic, Episcopal or Presbyterian, Denominational or Unsectarian. If the mind of the worshipper travels beyond the letter of the text before his eyes, he will naturally decide with himself, in regard to the hymn about to be offered in praise to God, upon the question of authorship—supposing, of course,

that he be in a critically disposed humour. Is the hymn—to name again deceased authors only—from the pen of Addison or Dryden ; of Cowper or Doddridge ; of Wesley ; of Newton or Watts or Montgomery or Toplady ; of Faber, Caswall or Newman ; of Ken or Keble, of Grant or Lyte, of Heber or Milman ; of J. M. Neale or Isaac Williams ; or of F. E. Cox, Catherine Winkworth, Jane Leeson, Frances R. Havergal, Charlotte Elliott, or Sarah Flower Adams ? Indeed, in the subdivision of opinion on religious persuasion at the present day, it is not always easy, even for a critical mind, to distinguish either the minute differences which divide the Protestant sects in relation to hymns ; or to be conscious of the persuasion in which a given author was born, wrote, or died ; or to be assured whether a given hymn was composed before the author abandoned his late opinions, or after he embraced his present convictions. But, it may be taken as proved, that almost the last inquiry which an average member of a congregation will make, touching the personal story of a hymn he is engaged in singing, when the anthem is being rendered which has taken its place on the roll of a popular hymn-book, is the religious profession of its author.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

Christ in Modern Theology.

PART IV.

IT was the profession of the Scholastics to take up and carry on the work of the Fathers, preserving unbroken a tradition which was from the beginning, and which, according to Christ's promise, would continue to the end, always inviolate. Hence in imitation and extension of St. John Damascene's *Sacra Parallela*, *συνῶμαι* were collected, till *Summa Sententiarum*, *A Summary of the Sentences*, that is, *Sententiarum Patrum*, *Sentences derived from the Fathers*, became the title of works written by founders of our theology such as Hugo of St. Victor, Robert Pulleyn, Peter Lombard, Peter of Poitiers, William of Auxerre, who in the twelfth century and the thirteenth were doing good service as pioneers in their chosen department. If continuity in one direction counts for anything in the interpretation of a body of writings, then the Catholic theology is the one commentary on the Fathers that has the advantage of being a system pursued on uniform principle, without interruption, from first to last. We must further claim the help of the Church's decrees, safeguarding the schools against the errors of individual Fathers, and determining points which the Fathers had left unsettled.

In rivalry to the Catholic succession independent criticism has risen up, making great havoc among opinions previously deemed orthodox, and presenting, in the aggregate, a hopelessly discordant noise of voices, hardly any one of which could seriously pretend to utter anything more than "views" on the subject. Principal Fairbairn adheres to the second class of interpreters, in particular showing indebtedness for some of his notions to Harnack: and as we occasionally appeal to the same writer, we shall do well to signify, in brief, what we think of him. He is at times a good witness to the fact that in early or even earliest times, certain Catholic beliefs were taught in the Church: for this purpose we quote him when he serves our end. In

other respects this historian of dogma is an anti-dogmatist, with no belief in the indefectibility of Christ's Church, and very ready, on inadequate evidence, to declare Catholic doctrines to have sprung up in post-Apostolic times, or to have supervened upon radically different doctrines of an earlier date. Moreover, his own views are often not remarkable for the lucidity of their expression, while the vastness of his erudition, which is not to be denied, seems not rarely to bury him beneath its weight, so that it is only by a sort of desperate effort that he manages to make progress with his history of development. An instance of his obscurity which is pertinent to our inquiry is his view about sacerdotalism. We have more than once used his assertions in favour of our doctrine as opposed to that of Principal Fairbairn: yet we are well aware that the latter might offer some demur to our claims. For our purpose Harnack says that in the first ages "The Lord's Supper was held to be an offering in the strictest sense of the word,"¹ and "a sacrificial meal:" that "the sacrificial idea had from the beginning the widest play in the Church;"² that St. Clement of Rome shows "a settled order of community worship" with "bishops and deacons" whose "peculiar office was to make the oblations," words which we must accept "in the sense of sacrifice;" and that Clement maintains a parallel between "bishops and deacons" in the Christian Church and "priests and levites" in the Old Testament.³ Nevertheless, on grounds that quite fail to carry to us any conviction, the same author maintains that the Christian priesthood underwent a radical change; that the first "hierurgic" priest appeared among the Gnostics, and that St. Cyprian especially was the champion of the new sacerdotalism, with its vicariously acting priests, its ceremonial observances, and its assertion of extraordinary powers in a certain order of men. "Cyprian first associated the specific offering of the Lord's Supper with the specific priesthood." While we do not undertake to interpret exactly the meaning of Harnack, and while we do undertake to affirm that he proves no substantial revolution in the idea of the priestly office, we may give some inkling of

¹ *History of Dogma*, bk. i. c. 14, § 7.

² Bk. ii. c. iii.

³ See passages quoted in our last article. He admits that, especially after the time of St. Cyril, the belief of a transmutation of sensible elements into the Body of Christ gained the day and abolished the explanation by symbolism: "The transubstantiation of the consecrated bread with the Body of Christ [was regarded as] the continuation of the process of the Incarnation." (*History of Dogma*, p. 311. English Translation.)

his theory by reference to a matter on which Principal Fairbairn also insists, namely, the elements of earliest Christianity which they suppose to have reappeared in the system of Montanus and of his continuator, Novatian. Montanism is regarded as a protest against a separate, hierarchical order claiming the powers of forgiveness of sins and of sanctifying others by their ministrations; it is represented as some return to an idea of personal holiness, or of personal possession of the indwelling Spirit, as constituting membership with the Church, that is, with "the assembly of the Saints," and to an idea of the prophetic gift freely given by God rather than of a priestly order which perpetuates its dominance by a fixed rite of its own. Montanists indeed acknowledged the episcopal hierarchy, but they asserted the right of the faithful, as such, to be ministers of the Christian sacrifice and of the sacraments;¹ and to this extent rejecting all exclusively sacerdotal succession, they made more of individual rectitude than of the external authority of bishops and priests, they stood out for the "free spirit," rather than for obedience to the episcopate. The whole life of the Christian was to be a sacrifice, apart from rigorous conditions of priestly intermediaries between God and individual souls. While the germ of the Catholic sacerdotalism was latent in primitive "Apostles, prophets, and teachers," nevertheless external organization, says Harnack, did not, as such, influence the Church's doctrine till about A.D. 150. Consequently in our appeals to him we do not profess to have him wholly on our side: he helps our cause up to a certain point, and by inferences which we draw from his acknowledgments, while he often draws contrary inferences.

In our last article we examined the testimony of two Apostolic Fathers, St. Clement and St. Ignatius, with the result that they have been found not, as was claimed, enemies to sacerdotalism, but rather the contrary. Next we must turn our attention to one of the valuable documents recently discovered for us by the praiseworthy enterprise of Bryennios, Greek Metropolitan of Nicomedia, who in 1883 gave to the world a carefully edited issue of the manuscript which he had come across in 1873, under the title of the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, or briefly the *Didache*.

(3) "In the *Διδαχή* the prophet has displaced the priest." (xiii. 3.) This is what Principal Fairbairn has to say on the

¹ Tertull. *De Exhort. Cast.* 7.

subject, and it is all that he says; while all that is said in the reference which he appends to his own statement is this: "Every first-fruit of the produce of wine-press and threshing-floor, of oxen and of sheep, you shall take and give to the prophets; for *they are your high priests*." Any one who has an idea of the many intricacies of the subject will see that the inference here drawn is rapid and easy to a degree that looks dangerous, so dangerous that it is hard to imagine a cautious writer making the venture.

To start with a few items of information gleaned outside the *Didache*, we observe in the New Testament two different lines of division: first, there is mention frequently of *bishops* and *presbyters*, and of another office called the *diaconship*, though the exact word *deacons* does not itself occur. The two names, *bishop* and *presbyter*, which should chiefly engage our attention, are not clearly and consistently distinguished, though there are not wholly wanting signs of superiority in the former. Even during the second century they are found as synonyms, only by degrees advancing towards differentiation; so that after Kraus in his *Real-Encyclopädie* had written under the word *Bischof* that still in the second century "bishops were sometimes called presbyters, but not *vice versa*," he allowed Krieg to write, under the word *presbyter*, that the above statement is not strictly correct, for in the early part of the second century mere presbyters seem occasionally to be called bishops. We have, then, three names for officials, and the order which they are tending to take up is that of bishops, presbyters or priests, and deacons. But if there was delay in the settlement of the titles, it does not follow that there was the same slowness in the determination of the offices themselves. By the side of these we must put the enumerations which we find in St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter xii. We read in verses 4—12, that from the same Spirit there are "diversities of graces," or of *charismata*, and from the same Lord "diversities of ministries," and from the same God "diversities of works;" these are "wisdom," "knowledge," "faith," "the power of miracles," "prophecy," "the discerning of spirits," "different tongues," and "the interpretation of speeches." No officials, cleric or lay, are here mentioned; only gifts which may be granted to any one, independently of his position in the Church, except so far as the "ministries" happen to be clerical. At verse 28 the enumeration begins again, with the difference

that the first three words are names of officials: "apostles," "prophets," and "doctors;" the rest are gifts: "miracles," "healings," "helps," "governments," "tongues," and "interpretations of speeches." In the end we are left with the question, What is the opposition between "bishops, priests, and deacons," on the one side, and on the other, "apostles,¹ prophets, and doctors"? The answer commonly returned is that there is no essential opposition; one man may combine offices belonging to each list. We do, however, notice that the second table gradually vanishes from Church history, as though its purpose had been meant to be temporary, meeting the requirements of the early age; "apostles and prophets" cease to appear; "doctors" (διδάσκαλοι) linger somewhat longer in ecclesiastical history. Later gifts of "prophecy," occasionally manifested, do not confer on their holders the recognized title of "prophets." Taking up the *Didache*, we find the same two-fold division. "Doctors"² are mentioned twice,³ when it is said that "a true doctor is worthy of his maintenance" (τροφῆς), and that the place of doctors may be taken by bishops and deacons, who deserve equal honour (οἱ τετιμημένοι μετὰ τῶν προφητῶν καὶ διδασκάλων). "Prophets" are mentioned fifteen times, "apostles" once,⁴ and in the last case the minute instruction is given that "an apostle is to be received as our Lord; he is to remain only one day, or, if need be, two days; if he remain three, he is a pseudo-prophet. When the apostle departs, let him take nothing but a provision of bread to serve till he be lodged for the night (ἕως οὗ ἀνλίσθῃ); if he asks for money, he is a pseudo-prophet." Whence we gather that apostles, prophets,

¹ Apostle is used in the wider sense of the word, so as to include St. Barnabas (Acts xiv. 4, 13) and others. (Romans xvi. 7; 2 Cor. viii. 23; Phil. ii. 25.) "Ancient writers," says Lightfoot, "allowed themselves very considerable latitude in the use of the title." (*Galatians*, p. 101.) Eusebius speaks of "numberless apostles." (*H.E.* i. 12.)

² Barnabas disclaims for himself the doctorship: "Ego non tamquam Doctor," c. i. in fine.

³ xiii. 2; xv. 1, 2. Harnack thus enumerates the leaders of early Christian teaching: "The message of Christ is trusted to chosen men, to *Apostles*, and more especially to one Apostle; their preaching is the preaching of Christ. Moreover, the Spirit of God reproduces His gifts and graces in the saints, and thus equips special *prophets* and *teachers*, who receive communications for the edification of others." (*History of Dogma*, part i. c. ii.) He speaks, however, like Principal Fairbairn when he uses the words, "The author of the *Didache*, in spite of his transference of the Old Testament priestly rites to the Christian prophets." (c. vi.)

⁴ xi. 3-6.

and doctors were itinerant missionaries,¹ regarding whom no election by the people is mentioned, but only a proving of them when they present themselves; while their offices are declared to require especially those *charismata*, which are the gift of "one Spirit, Lord, and God."²

When we look next in the *Didache* for the names upon our second list, "bishops, priests, and deacons," we find no record of the intermediate class, but only the two extremes;³ nor should we be in any way disconcerted at the omission, for the treatise is a mere sketch with no pretence at detailed completeness. In order to judge what is the function of bishops and deacons, we will take what specially bears upon their position as ministers of the Holy Eucharist.

Baptism, of course, is placed as the initiatory rite: afterwards, "As concerns the Eucharist, thus shall you make your Eucharist: first, in regard to the cup: We thank Thee (*εὐχαριστοῦμέν σοι*), our Father, for the Holy Vine of David⁴ Thy child (*παῖς*), which Thou hast made known to us through Jesus, Thy Child. To Thee be glory for ever. Then, in regard to the bread that is broken (*τοῦ κλάσματος*): We thank Thee, our Father, for the life and knowledge which Thou hast revealed to us through Jesus, Thy Child. To Thee be glory for ever. As this bread which is broken was once grain scattered upon the hills, and being gathered together was made one (*συναχθὲν ἐγένετο ἓν*), so let Thy Church be gathered together from the ends of the earth unto Thy Kingdom. For Thine is the glory and the power through Jesus Christ for ever. (And) let nobody eat or drink of your Eucharist except those who have been baptized⁵ in (into) the Name of the Lord; for on this point the Lord has said: *Cast not what is holy to dogs.*"⁶ Then

¹ A prophet might, if he chose, settle down in a place. (xiii. 1.) Some think that the "apostle" was not only itinerant, but had for his special work to break new ground among the heathens. On itinerant evangelists see Euseb. iii. 37.

² I Cor. xii. ut supra.

³ xi. 1.

⁴ "The Holy Vine of David" appears in Clement of Alexandria, *Quis Dives Salv.* 29; *Pædag.* i. 5; ii. 2. And Origen in *Lib. Judic.* hom. vi. 2, has the words, "Antequam panis celestis consequamur annonam et carnibus agni immaculati satiemur, antequam veræ vitis quæ ascendit de radice David sanguine inebriemur," &c.

⁵ St. Justin also, describing the Christian rites, tells us of Baptism before he speaks of the Eucharist. In his sketch of earliest Christian institutions, Harnack says that there "was Baptism culminating in a common *sacrificial* prayer." "The Eucharist was held to be a sacrifice in the strictest sense of the word." (*History of Dogma*, pp. 43, 55. English Translation.)

⁶ C. ix.

follows the Eucharistic prayer after Communion, insisting, as usual, on the sanctity needed by those who approach the great Banquet of the Christian Church: "If any is holy, let him come; if any is not, let him repent. Maranatha. Amen."¹

The concluding words of the chapter are interesting inasmuch as they bear witness to the dignity of the prophets, who were considered 'so peculiarly under the impulse of the Spirit as not to be tied, like the ordinary faithful, to a fixed prayer: "Allow the prophets to give thanks (εὐχαριστεῖν)² as much as shall seem well to them."

For a space further instruction about the Eucharist is interrupted, and we have only to note by the way chapter xiii., in which it is said that a prophet who has been tested, may not only be received as such, but may be allowed to settle down; and that prophets should receive first-fruits because they are high priests. As we have said before, there is nothing incompatible in a prophet being also a priest or a bishop;³ indeed, we must suppose that very often indeed he was so; for if he was not, then he was not fit for all that the *Didache* expected of him in naming him high-priest. "The prophets," says the Article in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, "were not an order like apostles [strictly so called], bishops, or presbyters, and deacons, but they were men or women⁴ who had the χάρισμα προφητείας. If men, they might at the same time be apostles;⁵ and there was nothing to hinder the different χαρίσματα of wisdom, knowledge, faith, teaching, miracles, prophecy, discernment, tongues and interpretation, being all accumulated in one person, as this person might or might not be a presbyter."⁶ Such generically is the prophet; but specifically the "high-priestly" prophet, whom the *Didache* contemplates cannot, if he is to meet all the requirements, be less than a bishop, a bishop without fixed see, and passing from place to place, at a time when diocesan jurisdiction was, at least in great part, not a fixed thing. It is to habits contracted during these times of undefined dioceses that we may

¹ C. x.

² With the ὅσα θέλουσιν of the *Didache* compare ὅση δύναμις αὐτῷ of St. Justin (*Apol.* i. 67), applied to the presiding minister.

³ So Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, is called in the Acts of his martyrdom, c. xvi., μάρτυς Πολύκαρπος, διδάσκαλος ἀποστολικὸς; ἐπίσκοπός τε τῆς ἐν Σμύρνῃ καθολικῆς ἐκκλησίας, "an apostolic doctor, Bishop of the Catholic Church at Smyrna."

⁴ Acts xi. 7—18.

⁵ 1 Cor. xiv.

⁶ See also Professor Sanday, *Expositor*, vol. v. p. 16.

attribute what seemed flagrant invasions afterwards of the jurisdiction of another bishop by very excellent prelates.

After having described the Prophet the *Didache* returns once more to the Eucharist, narrating this time the form of Sunday service. "On each Lord's day, being gathered together, break ye bread and give thanks,¹ after having confessed your sins,² in order that your sacrifice may be pure. But let no one that has a disagreement with his fellow come together with you until the two be reconciled, that your sacrifice may not be profaned. For this is what is spoken by the Lord, *In every place and time shall be offered to me a pure sacrifice, for I am a great King, saith the Lord, and My name is wonderful among the Gentiles.*" (Malach. i. 11—14.)³ Instead of being anti-sacerdotal the above passage fits in very well with the sacerdotalism of the Catholic Church to-day, inasmuch as it contains a confession of sin before approaching the Blessed Sacrament, and a sacrifice, twice so named, in which Eucharistic bread is broken, in fulfilment of the prophecy of Malachy, who foretold that the old priesthood should cease, the national oblations of the Jews giving place to a universal oblation, offered in every part of the earth, from east to west. How the Church in all ages has referred this prophecy to the Mass, may be seen in Catholic commentaries upon the minor Prophets, and in our theological treatises. The Protestant Harnack, in his note on the *Didache*, at this point says: "The passage from Malachy in the second century was frequently quoted with reference to the Sacrifice of the Last Supper (*Abendmahlsopfer*)."⁴ However, this is not the place to argue out the force of Malachy's prophecy in accordance with St. Paul's doctrine that there was a "transfer," not a final abolition of the Jewish priesthood.⁵ Rather we will invite attention to another contribution towards our cause in the intro-

¹ συναχθέντες κλάσατε ἄρτον καὶ εὐχαριστήσατε, quite a collection of sacramental and sacrificial terms according to early Christian usage.

² Confession for the remission of sin is mentioned before c. iv. 14, "In the church confess thy sins, and go not to the πρυσευχή with a stained conscience."

³ c. xiv.

⁴ St. Justin, *Dial.* 28, 41, 116, 117; Iren. iv. 17, 18; Tertull. *Adv. Jud.* 5, *Adv. Marc.* iii. 22; Clem. *Strom.* v. 14, versus finem.

⁵ Hebrews vii. 11, 12. *Translatio sacerdotio*—μετατιθεμένης τῆς ἱερωσύνης. The Apostle is speaking of the change from the Aaronic priesthood to the predicted "order of Melchisedech," because the former was not the completion (τελείωσις) of the Divine plan, and had become "of no force and useless." (v. 8.) The new sacrifice is on earth, reaching all round from east to west, therefore it is wrong to understand it only of Christ's sacerdotal office in Heaven.

duction of these words: "Let no one who has a disagreement with his fellow come together with you till the two be reconciled;" where the reference evidently is to our Lord's words: "If thou offer thy gift *at the altar*, and there thou remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, leave thou thy offering before the *altar* and go first to be reconciled to thy brother."¹ It is the word *altar* here that makes for our case. In the same passage where the *Didache* twice calls our Eucharistic rite a sacrifice (*θυσία*) it is not wonderful that there should be found the suggestion of an altar (*θυσιαστήριον*), which brings in the quotation of our Lord's precept about the freedom from all enmity, as a disposition wherewith the altar is to be approached. From the next chapter of the *Didache*² we need quote only the opening words: "Establish, therefore (*χειροτονησάτε*), bishops and priests, men worthy of the Lord, who are meek, free from greed of money, truthful and in good repute: for they also perform for you your liturgical service in place of the prophets and the doctors. Therefore treat them with no want of respect; for they are set in honour among you equally with the prophets and the doctors."³ This is our last quotation from the *Didache*, and since it shows to us stationary bishops and deacons placed on a level with the ambulatory prophets and doctors, and gradually taking their place, while they, as we know from history, were on the point of disappearing, there is cause for expressing our surprise at Principal Fairbairn's summary statement: "In the *Αἰδαχή* the prophet has displaced the priest." All the more are we astonished at this anti-sacerdotal conclusion because, if not in detail, at least in general terms, we have our sacerdotal ideas all confirmed; to wit, bishops and deacons ordained especially for the Eucharistic sacrifice, as foreshadowed in ancient prophecy, and confession of sin preparatory to the approaching the Holy Sacrament. The last practice is commended also by St. Clement of Rome: "It is the proper thing for a man to make confession concerning his sins;"⁴ and by the Epistle of Barnabas, which has several matters in common with the *Didache*: "Make confession of thy

¹ St. Matt. v. 23, 24.

² xv.

³ It is an inconclusive argument when the superiority of the community to the priesthood is inferred from the fact that these instructions are addressed to the whole body. They are addressed to all, but to each according to his degree. It is the sanction only of the people that St. Clement supposes in the constituting of a presbyter, *συνευδοκησάσης τῆς ἐκκλησίας πάσης*. (1 Cor. c. 44.)

⁴ 1 Clem. li. 3.

sins: go not to the *προσευχή* (οὐ προσήξεις ἐπὶ προσευχήν) with a bad conscience."¹ In such words we see the continuance of an idea found in the Epistle of St. James:² "Confess to one another," where the main subject of dispute is what is meant by *ἀλλήλοις*;" whether it means promiscuously, or only to appointed ministers of penance, or both private confession to the ministers and public confession of scandals that have been open, as also public confession in general terms, such as we have in our *Confiteor* at the beginning of Mass. At any rate confession of sin is declared to be an old practice in the Church, especially as a means of cleansing the soul before Holy Communion; nor are we concerned here to say more on the subject, though there is much more to be said in its own place.

Because of the close connexion of the Epistle of Barnabas with the *Didache*, it is in place to remark of the former in relation to our present subject, that it declares the Jewish sacrifice abolished, leaving us *humanam oblationem*, and "the sacrifice of a contrite and humble heart;"³ that it represents the Temple as destroyed, for God had no need of it since Heaven is His throne, and we, purified from our sins, have become His temples;⁴ that there are two ways, one of life and the other of death;⁵ and that part of the right way is to confess one's sins before the *προσευχή*.⁶ The Epistle is divisible into two parts, in the first of which Judaism is strongly deprecated, in the second the list of acts morally right and the list of acts morally wrong are given; but the nature of the Church's ritual and ministry is left wholly undescribed, and so neither sacerdotalism nor anti-sacerdotalism can appeal with much effect to Barnabas. We cannot on that account say that the writer thought the question of no moment; it simply did not come in his way—in his small way, as we may put it, when we consider the elementariness of this treatise. The question itself of the priesthood was and is momentous. It is, as a Protestant writer states it, a question whether "we shall accept the idea of a visible and organized body, within which Christ rules by means of a ministry, sacraments, and ordinances to which He has attached a blessing, the fulness of which we have no right to look for except through the channels He has ordained, or shall rest satisfied with the thought of the Church as consisting of multitudes of individual souls known to God alone, as invisible, unorganized, with ordinances blessed because of the

¹ xix. 12.² v. 16.³ C. ii.⁴ C. xvi.⁵ C. xviii.⁶ C. xix.

memories they awaken, but to which no promise of present grace is tied, with, in short, no thought of a Body of Christ in the world, but only of a spiritual and heavenly principle ruling in the hearts and regulating the lives of men. Conceptions in the Church so widely different from each other cannot fail to affect in the most vital manner the Church's life and relation to those around her."¹

We have already referred to an accusation against the Christians which had to be met by Athenagoras, and which was to the effect that the absence of sacrifices in public places of worship convicted them of irreligion. The like charge is mentioned by Tertullian,² and by two other writers from whose replies Principal Fairbairn seeks to draw an argument for his contention that the warrant of earliest usage is wanting to the sacerdotalism of the Catholic Church. Relying upon Origen³ and Minutius Felix,⁴ he presumes to say, "The Apologists labour strenuously to explain how Christianity, though without the sacerdotalism characteristic of the then recognized worships, is yet a religion; how its temples, altars, and sacrifices are all inner and spiritual, the incense, the secret prayer, and the pure conscience, its statuary the new man with his graces and virtues, its adornments or priestly vestments his temperance, courage, wisdom, piety." We will take up this challenge in the name of Origen, having briefly dismissed the question as regards Minutius Felix, with a reference to the dissertation upon his *Octavia* affixed to the work in the Benedictine edition of the Fathers by the Maurist Le Nourry, and with the suggestion of a very obvious difficulty in the way of our opponent. As not even he can suppose material temples to have been wholly repudiated by early Christians, he might surmise, from the identity of language in regard to both objects, that sacrifices may have been not wholly repudiated by them, but that in their answers to accusations on these heads they were keeping some of that vexatious silence of which complaint is made in the *Octavia*, when it is said that they are a *lucifuga natio*, who meet

¹ *Expositor*, vol. viii. p. 7. We must add that we supply more meaning to the writer's words about the ministry than he intends, but in part he is with us. His remark is most true: "One church may adopt to a very large extent the fashions and ways of another, and yet be hardly nearer it than it was." Thus Ritualism in some of its devotees may be very rationalistic as to fundamental dogmas, and so very far removed from the Church whose rites it copies.

² *De Spectac.* c. 13.

³ *Contra Cels.* vii. 62, viii. 17.

⁴ *Octav.* cc. 8, 10, 32.

in secret by night, and whose religion is "shrouded in obscurity," because they "are at great pains to hide the object of their worship whatever it is." Acting on the theory that sometimes one must reply to a question not fully, but according to the conception of the interrogator and his ability to understand, to the query, "Have you sacrifices?" the Christian might give one of two responses, saying either simply, "No, none," that is, "None according to your carnal conceptions;" or "Yes, our sacrifices are spiritual, consisting of purity of heart and conduct."¹ In each case there would be a large "mental reservation."

But let us consider Origen's testimony. We must premise that there are two aspects of Origen, one that of the faithful witness to the tradition, the other that of the bold speculator who tried to clothe Christianity in the forms of Greek philosophy, and who sometimes wrote as if, from a habit common in the schools of the disputants, he were putting himself into the attitude of a pagan discoursing on Christian mysteries.² St. Jerome, who was led so sharply to discuss Origen's character, tells us in his Preface to that fervid writer's commentary on Ezechiel, that "his works upon Holy Scripture are of three classes," namely (i.) *σχόλια*, or brief explanations of obscure points, (ii.) homilies, and (iii.) *τόμοι* or *volumina*, in which last "he gave up all the sails of his genius to the winds as they blew, and quitting the earth went off to mid-sea."³ More instructive for our present need is what St. Jerome writes in his 84th (al. 65th) letter about the praise and the blame due to Origen: "I have commended the interpreter, not the dogmatist; his keen-wittedness, not his faith; the philosopher, not the apostle. . . . I have read, yes, I have read Origen, and if it is a sin to have read, then I acknowledge my sin of reading. If you believe me, never was I an Origenist; if you do not believe, at any rate consider me as having now ceased to be one." As to the excuse for Origen, that heretics have corrupted his works, that will not cover all his faults. "Is Origen alone found to have his works corrupted all over the world. . . . If one of his books has suffered violence,

¹ The Jews might have been justified, if need had been, in using similar language to Pompey when, in the Holy of Holies, he found none of the signs of worship, such as he conceived.

² "Athanasius implies (*De Decret. Synod. Nic.* 25, 27. Cf. *Apol. Contra Ar.* 47) that in the theological works of Origen and Theognostus, while the orthodox faith was explicitly maintained, nevertheless heretical tenets were discussed, and in their place more or less defended by way of exercise in argument." (Newman's *Arians*, p. 33.)

³ Migne, *Patr. Græc.* t. xiii. col. 695.

could all his writings, published at different times and places, have been spoilt by forgers? Origen himself, in a letter which he wrote to Fabian, Bishop of Rome, did penance for what he had put down in his books, and laid the blame of his rashness upon Ambrosius,¹ who had given to the public what had been privately produced." Such was the unfortunate condition of Origen, a man who, though often he bore such noble testimony to the tradition of the Church, yet allowed himself to mix up with what is so good, much that is bad in point of doctrine. Fortunately for us at present the Holy Eucharist² was not one of the subjects on which he was condemned—a fact which tells powerfully for his orthodoxy on that head—and though he was greatly restricted by the "discipline of secrecy" which he had to maintain concerning this mystery, yet he has spoken enough to serve our purpose. As *catechist* he addressed *catechumens* who were not allowed to hear proclaimed the deeper truths; as *homilist*, when preaching in the church just before that part of the Mass at which the catechumens were dismissed, he was again restricted by his audience, and could not venture on anything more pronounced than words such as we find for example at the end of his first Homily on Isaias: "I have said, and be not afraid of my words, that even now Jesus Christ is sent. He does not lie. *I am with you all days*, declares our Lord, *even to the consummation of the world*. He does not lie. *Where two or three are gathered together in My name, I also am in the midst of them*. As therefore Christ is close at hand, and as the High Priest is ready girt to offer our prayers to the Father, let us arise and through Him present our sacrifice."

¹ It hardly needs saying that this was not St. Ambrose of Milan.

² See the list of condemnations in Denzinger's *Enchiridion*, nn. 187, seq.

Traces of a great Welsh Saint.

THE love of antiquity for its own sake is not a passion common to the majority of mankind. Yet there are circumstances under which the general reader will conscientiously face a good deal of ancient history, and one of those occasions arises when the historian pleads that his client has suffered serious misrepresentation in the past, and that he deserves to have his case reheard.

Our position is somewhat similar with regard to St. Beuno.¹ Once widely known in Wales as a thaumaturgus, and still remembered as the Saint who restored St. Winefred to life, we contend that he was not one of those little more than mediocre men, whose memory is sure to fade with time, even if some lucky chance should accidentally have brought them into notice. If the ancient fame of St. Beuno has waned of late, and that it has, alas, cannot be denied, we maintain that this is very largely due to the destruction out of sheer barbarity, or from gross negligence, of primeval monuments and relics with which his memory had intimately linked itself. Long after popular devotion to St. Edward and St. Thomas had been stamped out by the Reformation, popular devotion to St. Beuno lived on in the Welsh hills among the descendants of the people he had formed as Christians twelve centuries before. It *may* certainly be, that, after the guidance of the Church had been long removed, this devotion became tinged with superstition, even though nothing definite exists to prove that it was so, but the *cultus* continued, and had it not been for the vandalism of the last century and the scepticism of our own days, it is not impossible that it would still be flourishing. We crave then

¹ As the pronunciation of Welsh names is somewhat *sui generis*, a hint or two, however rough and elementary, may be of use to some Saxon tongues. Thus, *Beuno* is pronounced *Beino*. Double *l* should be given out with such vigour as to superinduce a rough aspirant, thus *Llan* comes out somewhere between *Chlan* and *Thlan*. The letter *w* is what it pretends to be, double *u*; hence *Tworog*=*Türog*. *Dd* is an aspirate like our *th*; *u* is generally pronounced like *y*, and *y* like *u*.

the space to explain what those monuments were which kept his memory so long verdant in the Welsh mind, to show what survive and to recall in part what have perished.

In treating of these monuments it will be better not to occupy ourselves for the time with his Life, a short Welsh document, bearing the title *Buchedd Beuno*, which in its present form is probably not earlier than the eleventh century. We are the more content to put this aside for the moment because we feel that the study of the unintended biography, which the other traces of the Saint make up, forms, as we shall show, an invaluable introduction to the old history, which dealing as it does so largely in miracles of a very stupendous nature, is in some ways a hindrance as well as a help to our belief. Written when other evidence of the Saint's activity was much more obvious than it is now, the biographer only thought it worth while to take note of the greater and more marvellous events of his career. Nowadays it may be that the introduction of a certain foreground of minor facts will be of real service to bring out the greater features of the ancient picture. So without further preface let us betake ourselves to antiquarian details, premising that they are as unremarkable at first sight as we might imagine from their great age and the various floods of destruction that have passed over them—the centuries of war, the violence and thoroughness of religious reformation, last, not least, the solvent power which long-established civilization always exercises on the remains of rude antiquity.

First we would call attention to the accompanying map of Wales, in which the churches dedicated to St. Beuno are marked with a cross. Perhaps to the English reader the map will only seem to prove the existence of some devotion to St. Beuno among the church-builders of the middle ages. But if he will advert to the principle on which the dedications of Welsh churches is explained, he will perceive that the map conveys far more than this. The principle to which we refer is that old Welsh churches were not popularly known by the titles of their dedications *properly so called*, i.e., men did not talk of St. Peter's or St. Paul's, Christ Church or St. Mary's, but *they spoke of churches as a rule by the names of their builders or founders*, e.g., they would say, "This is the Church of Collen," "That is the Church of Tydno," in Welsh Llangollen, Llandydno. That "churches were . . . called by the names of their living founders"

is "obviously the case throughout Wales," says Mr. Haddan,¹ and we shall here only suggest in explanation, that the true dedication was frequently of a common or general nature. In this case people would naturally add as a more distinctive epithet, the name of the holy founder,² which would often survive after the original but undistinctive title had fallen into disuse. It seems to be quite a case in point, when we find that St. Beuno himself "consecrated in the name of the Lord Christ" the church, which is now called after himself Llanfeuno.



Sketch Map showing localities now connected with St. Beuno by dedications and place-names. Roman numerals give the number of connections with St. Beuno, Arabic numerals the number of connections with St. Beuno's companions.



Sketch Map showing localities visited by St. Beuno according to his Life, numbered according to the order in which he reached them.

Be the explanation what it may, the principle throws this light upon the map, that each dedication is now not a mere proof of local devotion to the Saint, but contemporary testimony to his former presence and missionary activity at the

¹ *Councils and Ecc. Documents relating to Great Britain*, vol. i. p. 155; Warren, *Liturgies of the Celtic Church*, p. 74. In accepting this as a general principle, we do not of course subscribe to all the conclusions which some have drawn from it, e.g., that no dedication to our Lady, St. Peter, St. Michael, St. Martin, or St. Bridgit could be primitive, because none of these were founders. The explanation suggested in the text sufficiently obviates this apparent difficulty, though it is impossible to avoid all ambiguity in the use of the word *dedication*. For while many Celtic churches originally had such dedications as were then in vogue elsewhere, but were known by their founders' names, in later times the founders' names were taken for true dedications, and nowadays we have no terminology to distinguish the two methods of name-giving.

² This seems to be further borne out by the survival of some double dedications, such as Llanfair Talhaiarn (*i.e.*, the Church of St. Mary and Talhaiarn), of which the patron is now St. Talhaiarn,—so too, "St. Beuno and St. Michael."

spot. A map then which displays such dedications, forms, roughly speaking, a chart of his life, and the track which he has left is the more unmistakeable when we take into our consideration the considerable number of other place-names¹ connecting these localities with the Saint. Comparing this with the other map which shows his missionary course as recorded in his Life, the striking support which it affords to the written document is exceedingly obvious. In every place in which we there read that St. Beuno taught and laboured, we here find that independent testimony to his presence has survived. It is only in the places of his birth and early training, Banhenic, Llancauan, and Caerleon, that he failed to impress his name permanently on the soil. As we might expect if our principle be true, the diagram of local names is in one way a fuller chronicle than the Life, for the retention of his name in eight or nine churches and chapels proves that he preached there, even though this is not recorded elsewhere.

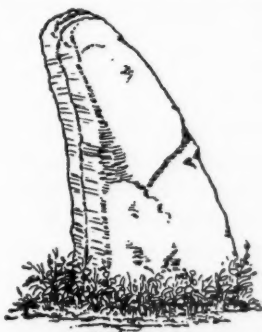
Additional vividness is given to this method of recovering the *autobiography* of the Saint, when we notice that we can do the same for other holy men whom we know *aliunde* to have been St. Beuno's associates. Where he builds, they build, and when he moves, they move. The most striking case is that of St. Aelhaiarn, St. Beuno's acolyte, who founded a church at Guilsfield near his master's at Berriew, and as that master moved on to Gwyddelwern and Clynnog, founded others again in the neighbourhood of both localities. Aelhaiarn's brother, Llwchaiarn, founded another near Berriew, while Cynhaiarn, the third brother, founds yet another near Clynnog. In the same neighbourhood St. Twrog, Beuno's amanuensis, has left his name to no less than three religious settlements.

An even more cogent argument as to our Saint's former presence, than all would concede to have been drawn from deductions made from the dedications of churches, may be gathered from the large number of other localities, not churches, connected with him by name; the great antiquity of such place-names being a generally admitted fact. Of

¹ We may here subjoin a list of all these local connections, though it is impossible to discuss them singly in this place, those enclosed in square brackets have now disappeared.

At *Llanfeuno*, the dedication of the church. At *Berriew*, the dedications of the church and of the neighbouring chapel at Bettws, Maen Beuno, Llanllwchaiarn, and the church at Guilsfield dedicated to St. Aelhaiarn. At *Llanycil*, the dedication of the church, Acre Beuno, Fynnon Beuno. At *Gwyddelwern*, the dedication of the church, Fynnon Beuno, Gwern Beuno [Llanaelhaiarn]. At *Holywell* [the dedication

these, three are holy wells, to wit, those at Gwyddelwern, Tremeirchion, and Clynnog. There is no tradition, that we know, bespeaking a miraculous origin for any of them as there is for that at Holywell. We may perhaps imagine that the Saint put an end to the heathen *cultus* which had once been paid to them, and Christianized the ceremonies, which up till the last century such ceremonies were believed to be of great efficacy against various diseases. Thus at Gwyddelwern the old churchwarden told us that he remembered his mother telling him that the people in her day used still to bathe in the well, believing in its miraculous powers. Water was also brought thence to the parish church for baptisms, a custom widely spread in Wales, and one which supports another theory as to their origin, viz., that these wells were first considered holy because the early missionaries baptized there. Other things connected with the Saint are sometimes alluded to in place-names, thus, *Gwern Beuno* and *Acre Beuno* at Gwyddelwern and Llanycil record the fields which were assigned to the support of his brotherhood; so too does *Garth Beuno* [Beuno's garden] at Holywell. *Terwyn Beuno* at Clynnog Fechan, and *Maen Beuno*¹ at Berriew



MAEN BEUNO (near Berriew).

of a chapel, at Llanasa]; *Garth Beuno*, St. Beuno's Stone in the well; *Fynnon Beuno*, near Tremeirchion. At *Carnarvon*, St. Beuno's Cross. In the vicinity of *Clynnog Vaur*, beside the dedications of the church and chapel, those of the neighbouring churches of Pistil, Bottwnog, Penmorfa, Dolbenmaen; also *Fynnon Beuno*, *Gored Beuno*, *Glan Beuno*, *Llwyn Beuno*, the River Beuno [Penwyn Beuno], *Ynys Cynhaiarn*, *Llanaelhaiarn*, *Llandwrog*, *Maentwrog*. Near *Aberfraw*, besides the dedication of the church and that of *Trefdraeth*, *Terwyn Beuno*, *Dwyran Beuno*. [Capel Bodwrog.] All modern names are omitted, e.g., St. Beuno's College, Beuno Terrace, &c. *Acre Beuno* seems to be an English substitute for a Welsh name, as *Holywell* for *Trefynnon*.

¹ *Maen Beuno* (Beuno's stone) has also been thought to be a sacred stone at which the Saint preached. However, as it stands neither in nor near the churchyard, but

probably mark the boundaries of similar estates. Finally *Gored Beuno* (St. Beuno's fish weir) near Clynnog Vaur recalls the need of white meats for the community.¹

The nature and multitude of these local names, in all nearly two score, are in themselves some indication that we are dealing with a great Saint and a great man. No doubt a personal search throughout all the scenes of St. Beuno's life would much increase the number, especially if the searcher were conversant with the Welsh tongue, and his endeavours would have been doubly successful had they been undertaken a few generations back. He would then have found many relics now perished, some of which were of the highest interest.

There was for instance his bell called *Cloch Velen Venno* (the yellow bell of Beuno), which was preserved up to a century and a half ago at a farm called Tre'drew in Anglesea. The Rector of the neighbouring church of Llanidan informs us, however, that the old house has been demolished, and that with it all trace of the old bell has vanished. All readers of the lives of Welsh saints are aware that hand-bells were among the most valued of the relics of Celtic saints.

More deplorable than the loss of the Saint's bell is the destruction of his tomb. This stood in the centre of his beautiful chapel, *Eglwys-y-bedd* (Church of the grave), by the south side of Clynnog Church, a squint from a turret stair on the north still commanding the site. Here the grave was venerated for more than two centuries after the Reformation.

Alban Butler, who wrote before 1756, and drew his information from "a long and curious letter . . . received from the Rev. Mr. Farrington, the ingenious vicar of Clynnog Faur," says :

The church, built of beautiful stone, is so large and magnificent as to remain to this day the greatest ornament and wonder of the whole country, especially St. Beuno's chapel, which is joined to the church by

in a lane which has marked a division of properties probably for generations, it seems more natural to suppose that it is a *manorial or boundary stone*. It consists of a single block of trachyte, height 6 ft. 2 in. The striae on the west face are remarkably clear. It shows no trace of the chisel.

¹ By a fiction of early Welsh law the monastery seems to have been regarded as the "tribe" of its founder, and indeed the Saint was held to live on in his family. Thus it may have been that some of the local names in the neighbourhood of St. Beuno's Monastery at Clynnog Vaur in which his name is compounded (*e.g.*, Glan, Nant, Llwyn Beuno, &c.), may not prove the immediate agency of the Saint on that spot, though of course in all cases they will prove a less close connection.

a portico. In this chapel the fine painted or stained glass in the large windows is much effaced and destroyed, except a large figure of our Saviour extended on the Cross. Opposite to this crucifix, about three yards from the east window, is St. Beuno's tomb, raised above the ground, and covered with a large stone.

Thomas Pennant, whose tours through Wales began in 1770, adds :

In the midst [of St. Beuno's chapel] is the tomb of the Saint, plain, and altar-shaped. Votaries were wont to have great faith in him, and did not doubt but that by means of a night's lodging on his tomb, a cure would be found for all diseases. It was customary to cover it with rushes, and leave on it till morning sick children, after making them first undergo ablution in the neighbouring holy well ; and I myself once saw on it a feather bed, on which a poor paralytic from *Meirioneddshire* had laid the whole night, after undergoing the same ceremony.¹

Gough, twenty years later,² notes that the plain altar-shaped stone on the tomb was "whitened over," presumably to hide a certain mark on the stone, with regard to which a pretty devotion was practised by the peasants of the neighbourhood. In their poetical way they agreed that calves and lambs born with a mark (*Nod Beuno*) upon their ears corresponding with that on the tomb should be considered due to the Saint. In time they were taken to the tomb, handed over to the Saint's representatives, and then sometimes redeemed by the giver, sometimes sold by the church authorities. It was always a tradition that "Beyno his cattell prosper marvellous well," as Price an informer wrote in 1589,³ and this, he adds, "maketh the people marvellous desyrous to buye them." This testimony was only given with the sinister intention of inducing Elizabeth's Government to suppress the custom, yet two centuries later Pennant reports :

The offering of calves and lambs, which happen to be born with the *Nod Beuno*, or mark of St. Beuno, a certain natural mark on the ear, has not entirely ceased. They are brought to the church on Trinity Sunday, the anniversary of the Saint, and delivered to the churchwardens, who sell and put the money they receive for them into a great chest, called *Cyff St. Beuno*, made of one piece of oak secured

¹ *Tour through Wales*, vol. ii. p. 397. Edit. 1810.

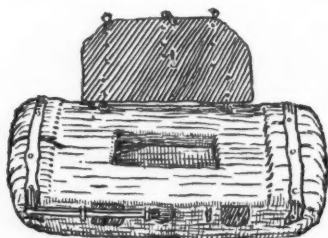
² *Sepulchral Monuments*, vol. ii. pt. i. p. cxcii. Edit. 1796.

³ P.R.O., State Papers, *Dom. Eliz.* vol. ccxiv. n. 74.

with three locks. From this the Welsh have a proverb for attempting any very difficult thing. "You may as well try to break up *St. Beuno's chest*."

Money from the sale of cattle was not the only alms put into *Cyff Beuno*, it was also placed there as a kind of sin-offering, as appears from "an old Welsh manuscript," which was found in the box when it was opened early in this century:

Here I offer to God four pence for my private sins, on which account the Almighty is now punishing me: to be given for the same service that the blessed saints used to offer, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.¹



CYFF BEUNO.²

To return to the tomb itself. All the authorities, whom we have quoted, describe it as standing; in fact, however, before the last of these had published his work, the tomb itself had been destroyed. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1793, a correspondent, signing himself R. & P., wrote:

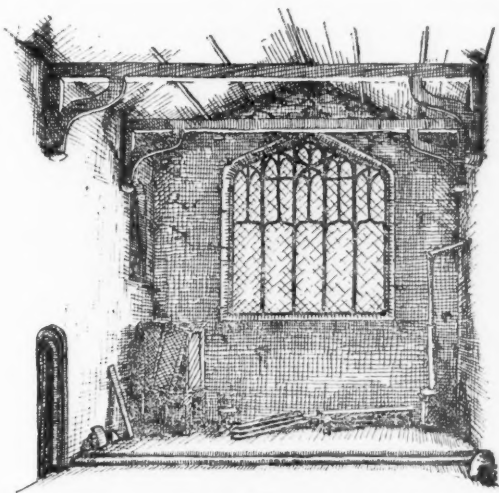
Lord Newborough (the late Colonel Wynne's brother), who lives in the neighbourhood, has lately caused the old Saint's ashes . . . to be disturbed, as he has ordered the grave to be opened, and search to be made for the coffin, &c., but owing to their not having dug deep enough . . . nothing has been found. However, I am informed his lordship intends placing a new marble slab with a suitable inscription on his grave.³

¹ J. Evans, *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. xvii. pt. i. p. 373.

² A description of this pre-Reformation alms-box, which is at present being rapidly destroyed by rot and rust, may be read in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, Ser. iii. n. 14, p. 147. Its length is 45 inches, breadth 15 inches. There is a similar one at Bettws.

³ That St. Beuno's ashes are still at Clynnog, seems therefore highly probable, especially if they were buried deep down, as St. Winefred's were. (See Robert of Shrewsbury's account of the translation of her relics.) R. & P.'s doubts as to this are as foolish as his derivations, see *infra*, p. 244, note.

No slab or inscription, however, was set up, and all traces of the old tomb have vanished. True, the custodian is sure to point out to you still, as part of the old grave, a loose carved stone of late workmanship, and one which certainly was never part of a "plain altar tomb." The mistake itself seems to prove that the ruin and confusion which overtook the remnants of the tomb were so thorough, that the attendants of the church themselves forgot what once belonged to St. Beuno's grave and what to other places.



ST. BEUNO'S CHAPEL, *Eglwys y Bedd*.

The Saint's grave lies just below the steps. The door on the left opens into the vaulted passage.

This utter destruction had been preceded by much neglect, the roof was allowed to fall to ruin, the windows, in which were once depicted the history of the Saint, were mostly gone, and an old statue was laid upon his tomb,¹ which was said to have been the image of the Saint himself. Then the head of the statue was knocked off, and the trunk, feet upwards, was placed under the corner of the belfry, and the vaulted passage, called *Yr Heinons*, by which access is obtained to the Chapel of the Grave, "was allotted for the confinement of disorderly persons

¹ This may have been to prevent clients of the Saint from sleeping, as of old, on his tomb.

and madmen."¹ Finally, after the desecration, all traces of the tomb were removed, and the chapel turned into a school-room.

Whether these barbarities were or were not intended to uproot the popular *cultus* of the Saint, their result has been the gradual extinction of all the old practices in his honour. Fifty years ago, cases still occurred of country people wanting to get their cattle redeemed as of yore, and gold was actually found in Cyff Beuno, dropped there surreptitiously no doubt, to obtain some blessing. But all that has now ceased. The chapel has been "restored," and a shoddy slate pavement obliterates all traces of the old shrine. The noble outline of the chapel is indeed still intact, but its whitened walls and blank windows only make its dirt and desolation the more painfully conspicuous.

We must now put together all that we know of another relic of the Saint, which has been lost in times which are recent, when compared with the ages which it survived. This is the Book of St. Beuno, christened by the Welsh, *Tiboeth Beuno*, and thus described in Dr. Davies' *Dictionary* :

Tiboeth was the name given to the book of St. Beuno with a dark stone upon it in the church of Clynnog in Arvon. This book Twrog wrote in the time of King Cadfan, and it was saved when the church was burnt (*q.d.* *Diboeth ἀκαυστος*). This I saw, says T[homas] W[illiams], in the year 1594.

With St. Twrog [Tauricius] we have already made acquaintance, as Beuno's *amanuensis*, and Cadfan, King of Gwynedd, too, will be known to the readers of St. Beuno's Life. What the occasion was when Clynnog was burnt and the book saved cannot now be determined. What with civil wars and the inroads of English, Dane, and Norman, the precious volume must have had many an escape.

Perhaps this brief note of Davies' will some day be expanded, when the MS. of Dr. Thomas Williams, a celebrated Welsh recusant and antiquary, becomes more accessible to students. Davies' *Dictionary* is said to be little better than an index to Williams' work, which is still preserved among the Hengwrt MSS. at Peniarth (n. 60), and Williams is the last recorded reader of St. Beuno's *Tiboeth*. Meantime from other sources we may restore a small fragment of its contents.

¹ R. & P. *ut supra*, who derives Yr heinons (*sic.*) from English *heinous*.

There exist in the British Museum¹ two very faulty copies of a charter confirming to Clynnog Vaur the rights of sanctuary, which had been granted in the first instance by Gwithenit to St. Beuno himself. In this charter we read that "Gwithenit made this grant to God and St. Beuno, neither for the sake of gold nor of the goods of this world, but in the hope of an eternal possession in Heaven, and to have his name inscribed in the book of St. Beuno."

Now we cannot imagine that the name alone was so inscribed without mention being also made of the reasons for its insertion, in fact the use of early liturgical books for the enrolment of such deeds of gift is sufficiently common to enable us to assume without further discussion that the substance of Gwithenit's concession was then and there entered in Tiboeth Beuno. When in after years the community wanted to have their privileges confirmed, they immediately turned to their treasured volume, and drew thence the substance of the charter, the ratification of which they petitioned, and doubtless too the ancient volume would have to be produced in evidence before the King's clerks to prove the reality of their claims, before the desired sanction was given. It will have been to the same source that the writer of St. Beuno's Life referred for his account of Gwithenit's grant, indeed Life and charter have copied the same passage verbatim, as will be made evident if we look at the two passages printed side by side, noting that the Life cannot have copied the charter, for it is the earlier of the two, nor yet has the charter copied the Life, for it contains much more than is found there.

Donation of Clynnog, from Mr. Rees' translation of the "Buchedd Beuno."

Gwidenit, for the sake of his soul and the soul of his cousin Cadwallon, gave to God and Beuno for ever his township called Kelynauc, without rent or service or any one possessing or claiming it.

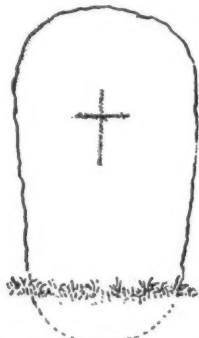
Donation of Clynnog, from the charter in the Harleian MSS.

Gwithno, for the sake of his soul and the soul of his cousin Cadwallon, gave to God and Beuno, then abbat of abbey of Clynnog Vaur, his township called Clynnog Vaur, without tax, service, or claim to any one as long as the stone should be upon the land.

[42 similar grants from Welsh kings and princes are then enumerated, after which the very curious concession by Gwithno of the right of sanctuary is given in full.]

¹ Harleian MSS. 696 and 4776, printed in the *Record of Caernarvon* (Rolls Series, 1838), p. 257. Gwidenit, or Gwithenit, is Latinized into Gwithno.

This sentence forms the only quotation, which we can confidently refer to the lost volume, and its last clause, *quamdiu fuerit lapis in terra*—"as long as the stone should be upon the land," introduces us to another relic of St. Beuno, and enables us to show a very interesting concurrence of three long separated trains of evidence. For whereas we know (i.) from the Life that this donation was made *on the banks of the Seiont near Carnarvon*, and (ii.) from this charter that the gift was *somehow ratified over a stone*, we still find (iii.) an independent local tradition, now pointing out *on the very spot so described*, an *old stone monument of the period in question*, and ascribing it to St. Beuno.



ST. BEUNO'S CROSS (from Bryn Seiont, Carnarvon).

Until twenty-five years ago this cross stood at Bryn Seiont, where the old high-road crosses the river. The late Mr. Wynne Williams then removed it to Glan Beuno, and Mr. J. A. Wynne Williams has since moved it again to Glangurna and Bodwyn, where it remains at present. The local account of the incised cross is that St. Beuno traced it with two strokes of his thumb. The total height is four feet, while the cross measures fifteen inches by eight; the surface of the stone is entirely unfaced, and the cross is very shallow.¹

This rude relic is the last trace of the Saint we shall here mention. Much indeed that is pertinent remains to be written by way of comment on his Life, but then we should not be dealing with objects which tell us anything about the Saint,

¹ We are indebted for this sketch and information to Mr. J. A. Wynne Williams, Esq., of Aberglaslyn, no discoverable description of this stone having yet been published. Since the above cut was taken we have learnt that the extremities of the cross are clearly T shaped.

when taken by themselves they are not independent traces of him. Yet to gather up and record such traces of his activity is, we take it, one of the most substantial services that can now be performed for the elucidation of his Life, for the destructions of twelve centuries will never allow that story to be told again with such minuteness, as we are accustomed to in lives written according to modern standards of completeness.

Our French neighbours are reputed to have a telescope in hand, which shall be so powerful as nearly to annihilate the distance between ourselves and Mars, but it would be folly to dream of similarly spanning the gaps of time. No serious man will pretend to recount the *minutiae* of an almost pre-historic past with the same precision as he may attain for later times, or to provide such detailed proofs of ancient miracles as a devil's advocate would rightly require before allowing a modern wonder to pass as proved. Nevertheless there is information of a sort to be found about the Saint, and it is unscientific to discard information of any sort. Our intention has therefore been to indicate the existence of such information, and so to supplement the wonderful part of St. Beuno's life with plain proofs of the reality of his influence. Of old time saints were honoured when their biographers picked out the most marvellous stories current concerning them, and committed them to writing. Nowadays marvels have become difficulties, and we have tried partly to circumvent them by showing that even had the wonderful story never been committed to writing at all, enough remains imprinted on the country side and the country folk to enable us to rebuild the main outlines of the Life without recourse to documentary evidence at all. The local names mark out for us his missionary course, the local customs prove the immense impression he made on his generation, while the nature and depth of that impression afford us a reasonable proof that the man who made it was none other than a remarkable Saint of great repute for miracles. In a word, tradition throws a great light on St. Beuno's life, and our endeavour has been to collect these rays, diffracted as they have been by many a medium of ignorance and vandalism, and to bring them to a focus which may be serviceable for the further investigation of the Saint's life.

J. H. POLLEN.

*A Priest's Hiding-hole in an old
Manor House.*

II.

How I longed to discover more traces at Purston of those noble-hearted missionaries who came back from Rome and Valladolid, and from old Douay, with a courageous soul, ready to minister the consolations of the faith to their scattered fellow-Catholics in villages and old mansions all along the Cherwell Valley. They said Mass, at earliest dawn, in the upper garret; then hastily hid away the vestments, and donned the garb of a steward or butler to escape notice.

To get some further clue to the priest of Purston, who was living there when the sixteenth century was drawing to a close, I again found myself approaching with eager steps the Hall of the Manor House. But the first picture which arose before me, as a vision, was this quiet nook in the reign of Henry VII. Then an old Gothic chapel was standing there. As far as we can gather from traces on the now existing walls, it abutted against the south-west corner, and extended out to where now are built the hen-roost and piggeries. I looked carefully up at the eaves of the marvellously-shaped roofs, and at the gutters on the south-west. "Do you see," I remarked, "how low down that one gutter extends? Evidently there was another wing, a one-storied building, at right angles to the house. It would have stood out into the present poultry-yard, and close to the high wall which hides passers-by, when they walk along the public way to a village at some distance across the hill. Possibly, that former building was a banqueting-hall, or servants' hall," I remarked. "I never thought of that," replied the present owner; "but there was once, in olden times, a chapel. And a priest lived here to say Mass. For before the Reformation this was a chapel of ease to King's Sutton. There is the bell-turret now."

Evidently our conversation had led us to discover the site of the former pre-Reformation chapel, although Baker says that "its site is now unknown." One solitary "tombstone" was standing against the house wall. It is beautifully carved with the "Cresswell Arms." The owner willingly accepted my offer to convey it to Banbury, and place it in the crypt of St. John's. The next day it was carefully removed and stored up.

This carved stone reveals to us how well built and adorned the chapel must have been. Was that carving the centre-piece over the reredos? The place of that old dowel which we now see would have been the very mark left by the fixing of a cross, at the centre of the altar.

"Where do you imagine," said Mr. Cole to the writer, "that I found that carving?" "You would never guess where it was," he continued; "for when I was relaying the floor of a pig-sty, *there* I found that escutcheon. Many an hour's sleep the old fat sow has had upon it."

"That desecration," I answered, "refers to later days, when the Cresswells had died out here. But meanwhile," I added, "look about the farm-yard for the altar-stone and its five Maltese crosses, or for any mutilated portion of it."

I gazed up at the bell-turret, tottering and toppling over, as it now appears above the roof of the Manor House.

How joyous was that bell (so I mused) when it called the neighbours to Holy Mass, each quiet Sunday morn. How merry was its voice over the crisp frosty meadows, each holiday from Christmas daily until Epiphany. It called to "Dormer's Purston" across the fields to come to that altar with the faithful of Cresswells in the chapel of ease. The priest (says the record) came from the monks of Dunstaple situate in Newbottle. The Prior of Dunstaple (*i.e.*, Dunstable) was bound to find a priest, for ever, to celebrate the Holy Mysteries here. He did so. Then an ominous silence and a break in the list of names occurs in the record. Then the "very site of Dunstaple is obliterated." Baker tells us that "there is no record of where the Priory stood." The spoliation of Henry VIII. had swooped down upon it. Purston's Gothic chapel had gone, and with it Newbottle, too.

But the oldest records speak of "Banbury Lane" in connection with Purston. With regard to Banbury Lane, can we discover any clue to Purston, when the crowd of Banbury adherents to Queen Mary started for London to welcome her,

to do her honour, to grace her triumphal entry into London city?¹

The Banbury contingent of loyalists would not have started up the "Oxford Road," on their way to London. For Oxford was then full of malignants, its chief dignities being occupied by Calvinist Reformers. They would have wended their way towards Buckinghamshire, directly past Creswell's Purston. Adherents joined them every hour, as on they marched to meet the young Queen. This old Gothic chapel, however, would soon need to be demolished. Such faithful men would soon need "a hiding-hole" at Purston, and a garret for their Catholic rites. Dr. Jessopp informs us of a Catholic² "who had managed to protect himself from spoliation, yet his heart was with the old Faith and the old ritual." . . . "As to attendance [at the Protestant service] in the church . . . by Queen Elizabeth's time a very simple device had been invented by the Catholic squires. . . . If there was *no church* to go to in the parish, the squire could not be presented by the churchwardens as a Nonconformist. It was easy to reduce the fabric to a ruinous condition, in any out-of-the-way village, where the lord of the manor was resident, and the parson was not." Just such a case was Creswell's Purston.

Moreover, there was another and most urgent motive for the utmost secrecy. The Dormers of Newbottle had ostentatiously, some years previously, cast off Papistry.³

Every precaution would therefore be needed, when, *from the windows of Dormer's Purston*, an enemy could watch the comers and goers, to and from the manor-house, across those fields. The Creswells and the Dormers were only one half-mile distant from each other.

But we must not linger outside this manor-house: once more enter within the ancient hall. Once more then let us go to the foot of that fine old oaken staircase. But ere we mount up the polished dark-brown stairs, note that wicket-gate which hangs on the first square landing. It precludes our access to the next flight. These old oak wicket-gates are found in other such post-Reformation mansions. They are almost co-eval with the staircase. But why do they stop up the way? Why leave a dangerous obstacle to the family and household, especially during those long and dark winter's nights, in the country?

¹ Beesley, *History of Banbury*. ² *One Generation of a Norfolk House*, p. 205.

³ Baker, *Northamptonshire*, vol. ii. 669.

Antiquarians tell us that they were constructed in order to keep the dogs, that were wont to slumber around the dying embers in the hall, from roaming about the house. But these gates served another purpose too, when a "hiding-hole" and "secret oratory" existed upstairs. Whilst the Holy Mysteries were being celebrated, a trusted servant could be stationed there, at the first step of the staircase. Should the pursuivants enter, a parley would take place at that gate—the noise would resound up the staircase. The priest would have a few precious moments, during which he could secrete himself.

We, to-day, derive naught but pleasure as we ascend the staircase. Then, lantern in hand, and guided by Mr. Cole, we raised up again the trap-door in the garret floor, and descended from the garret into the hiding-place itself. Its flooring was once of good elm-boards. But they are now very rotten, and in gaping holes. "Tread carefully: follow the lamp!" said my guide. He held the lamp so that I could then discover two secret passages. Each served as a quick and safe exit, from where we were peering into the distance. On it went past the rafters and the old walls, adorned now with cobwebs. "Stoop down somewhat lower and follow me," said Mr. Cole. "There is just one place where a man could manage to sit with his head upright." It was so. But I was looking and peering in vain for any trace of who that faithful and hunted priest was, in the sixteenth or seventeenth century.

We climbed up with much ado again into the attic. "There is one more little mysterious door which I should like you to see," said Mr. Cole. "For I never could make out why it should be fixed so deftly into the timbering of the massive roof." I followed my guide again into an adjoining room. It was of more ample dimensions, but in the roof of it is a *second hiding-hole*. "There is the door, up aloft," said my guide. And so it was. But there note also another and a smaller door; too small for any human being to creep through, and designedly meeting the eye up amongst the oak timbers. Careful examination disclosed the fact, that with a few boards, or lath and plaster, Brother "Little John" could have made a small hiding-place. There are signs of its existence; and then the larger entrance door would be admirably concealed. Once in that secret box a priest could pass over the head of his pursuers, descend a narrow way, which a huge chimney-stack conceals, and find himself in the passage leading from our first place

of safety. Nay, if need be, he could have passed actually over the main staircase, and so into a wing of the mansion which is now swept away.

A weird story of that staircase is preserved in this neighbourhood. The wife of a John Cresswell was unfaithful to her husband. Her lover and the husband met at the very top of the staircase: "Down there, over that balustrade, the intruder flung the husband, . . . and he fell a corpse, murdered at the inner doorway of his own hall."

As early as 1574 Anthony Tyrrell, the apostate and spy, "was living on his friends and relations,"¹ so he would probably be prowling around the fields and lanes of this locality. Was not his own Aunt Catherine, "married to George Keble, of Newbottle, co. North"?² We may gather also³ that this worthy's friends were her near neighbours. Catherine Tyrrell was old enough to be married before Queen Mary came to the throne. So that as soon as she settled at Newbottle, she would have heartily joined in the eager demonstrations of "Banbury and all that neighbourhood"⁴ to show their loyalty to the lawful Queen, and to send a deputation of horsemen to escort Her Majesty into London City. "The family were Catholics, and stood well with Queen Mary."⁵ They would have been dearest friends to the Cresswells, their nearest neighbours, and inheritors of the same old faith. Sir Anthony Tyrrell would come by "Banbury Lane" to Purston. There he would be at the junction with the high-road to London.

PURSTON TO NEWBOTTLE.

But at this my second visit my thirst was not slackened. How I longed to find some Catholic record of the Cresswells in Newbottle Church. So on Whit Tuesday I drove through that noble avenue of beeches, which crest the uplands above the Cherwell Valley. They were in their first spring attire. They lead down, as you look back, through Astrop Park, to the miraculous Well of St. Rumbold. How often the country folk had made pilgrimage along that road, and under the shade of those beeches, to that noted Well.⁶ But our steps are up the

¹ Father Morris, *Troubles*, p. 295.

² *Ibid.* p. 292.

³ *Ibid.* p. 292, parag. supra.

⁴ Beesley, *History of Banbury*.

⁵ *Troubles*, *ibid.*

⁶ The volume of the Bollandists, published in 1876, gives an ample and most interesting account of St. Rumbold. November 3 was his feast. V. also Beesley.

hill, in quest of some record of other noble "confessors of the faith."

A search in the venerable village church reveals naught, save that a "Dormer and his two wives and twenty children" have their monument close to the communion-table, whilst the last record of the Cresswells is on the east wall of the south aisle.

Another roam along the meadows, at midsummer, also tells its tale.

The hay-harvest at Purston, in those sultry July days, was a *unique* pastoral scene, even in Merry England, before the days of Henry VIII. It was a realization of useful and genuine communism, in its best way and with its best features. The toil of the hay-making *was in common* among the labourers of the various surrounding landowners; the merriment was *in common*; the provision of food and drink was duly appointed by a deed legally signed and sealed. For the produce of the meadow was *in common*. The quaint document¹ says: "The Lords of Newbottle, Purston, Farthinghoe, Thenford, Middleton Chendiut, and Chacombe enjoyed in common the right of mowing [Purston Meadow]. The modes of mowing, and the modes of measuring, and of apportioning the different shares, and of providing for the hospitable entertainment of the mowers are detailed with an interesting minuteness in the 'Booke of Purston Mede.'"

This book was made the xxiii. year of the reign of K. Henry VII., "for and concernynge every man's office in Purston Mede."

1st. My Lord Grey [lord of Newbottle] must bring a goose and garlyck.

Item. Harrenton [or Harrington of Purston²] must mete (measure) the mede, and have the levynges,³ and his poole (pole) to be xv. foote.

Other instructions follow. Among the rest that the Prior of Chacombe must "bring a pennyworth of bread, and two gallons of good *aill*."

The order of mowing the meadows then follows, with the quaint name of each.

As I was walking down towards the aforesaid meadows with Mr. Cole, I ventured to ask: "Do you know how long those mediæval customs lasted?" "They continue to this very day," he replied, proud of the fact that respect had been

¹ Baker *Northamptonshire*, ii. p. 667.

² See pedigree, *THE MONTH*, October, 1893, p. 241. ³ The strips of grass left over.

paid to the most minute instruction and regulation. "Every year I provide the goose, a right good one it always is; the best green goose that we can buy. The only thing dispensed with is the garlic. Every year (even this very summer of 1893) we meet together, and partake of it merrily on the thyme-scented bank, which slopes up from the meadows.

"The measuring is at it was wont to be¹ centuries ago. One detail we have altered; we do not mow the sward *by daylight and by moonlight too*." The music of the scythe stops with sundown; the ripple of the little brook alone goes on at night. "But we love old customs."

May this quaint nook of the upper valley of Cherwell, through its very love of "old customs," once again love "the old faith." Their motto is ever, *Dum spiro, spero*.

C. J. BOWEN.

¹ Each landowner has his special device, or bannerette. That of Purston is thus O. Does it mark the record of the sacring-cake of "Priest's-ton"? Does it also give an earlier meaning (than that which I mentioned in Part I.) to the rays of glory around the circle, on the reverse of the carved escutcheon—the only relic of the Gothic chapel that we have yet discovered?

Stonyhurst Memories.

IV.

IT was now not far from the grand breaking-up. We were drudging along in the most enthusiastic way, looking forward to what, I suppose, we considered our general day of release. And yet it was a very delightful time. An affectionate philanthropy reigned generally; our masters were indulgent in their bearing to us, the rougher were actually softened, the amiable became almost tender. At Stonyhurst that July was almost a charming month, sunshiny and balmy.

On one of these welcome sultry evenings we were sitting during our evening schools, it was about three weeks from the Academies. We had been working under high pressure, to make a show at the—I was going to say “exams,” only that hideous word was not then—not driven, but stimulated gallantly by our untiring master, Mr. X——. We were shortly to part with him altogether; we had done with him and with the College. We all felt that he had done much for us. He had certainly never spared himself. Under these kindly feelings we were getting on pleasantly, when suddenly he said: “I think you have done very well for to-day. So now I shall give you a treat. I shall read you something that will amuse you.”

We were enchanted of course. He took out some two or three numbers, in green paper covers. It was *Barnaby Rudge*, just then coming out. No one now can have an idea of the intense interest with which these stories of Dickens' were then followed, furnished as they were in tantalizing portion. It was, as a witty lady once said to me, “like listening at a key-hole; you heard a fragment, then had to wait some minutes before you could hear more.” They were much like real events occurring, and were followed with the same interest. That was a memorable afternoon, the precursor of several others. Every sentence I heard then has been imprinted on my memory. The scene comes before me. Our grave, picturesque preceptor,

reading on from his green numbers, and reading with much dramatic force. We followed the fortunes of Varden and Dolly, and Miggs and Simon Tappetit. It was almost painful this enjoyment. As Mr. Crummles once said, "There were cheers, tears, and laughter." Dennis, the hangman, however, was almost the chief favourite. We revelled in him, and his eagerness to "work off" people.

The worst was a sort of feverish restlessness, almost distressing at the intervals. Everything else seemed flat. We counted the hours until the moment when we were to renew acquaintance with these enchanting people. The evening schools had scarcely gone on half an hour when what the French call "a movement on the benches" set in. It was irresistible; we could not help it. Our master was inclined to resist what he only meant as a rare occasional *bonne bouche* being turned into a custom. And when one of us boldly asked for *Barnaby*, he very peremptorily refused, saying he had no notion of his indulgence being thus taken advantage of. Still he found the pressure was not to be resisted; or his good-nature could not withstand the piteous appealing looks.

That is a long time ago, yet that revelation is as fresh now as it was then. It is really only Scott and Dickens that offer these living creations which so enchain and entrance children. No one could fancy such fascination in the case of your Besants, Rider Haggard, Kipling, Oliphants, Christie Murrays *e tutti quanti*.

A soft light hangs over these closing days. It is a vista of delightful pictures, closed at the end by the delightful "set piece" and glories of the great Academy Day. There was the wishing for the prizes—silver medals with blue ribbons attached, gorgeously bound books—and the thrilling reception of them before a large and brilliant gathering. I was determined to have my sickle in this harvest, and looked forward with some certainty to success. There was a genial bustle and agitation about, a faint license, too, and absence of strictness, which was very agreeable. There were all the "good days" too coming off, charming summer festivals, with their delightful expeditions across the sunny country, the brook fishing, and the general feasting.

Those concluding days were, of a truth, a carnival for us of Rhetoric. There were just seven of us, Waterton, White, Joseph Holme, Foxwell, Lawson, J. Murphy, and myself, in the

class, and these were our last days in Rhetoric together, after so many years (some had been there seven long ones); as soon as the "Examinations" were fairly over, some ten days or so before the vacation, our life of ease and jollity then began. Every indulgence (by tradition) was given to us, and our mirth changed the stern nature of Mr. X—— for the nonce. Such a pleasant time it was! We were looked up to with awe and dignity by the other boys as actual men on whom fortune had showered its favours, superior beings. But the whole of that year was pleasant; our meetings increased, and we were drawn closer as the year drew to an end. Berkeley, Sidgreaves, White, Waterton, and the rest, formed a sort of club that met everywhere; when every one would tell every one else every joke and piece of fun that was going. Such laughter! We fell in for "good days" in abundance, those truly delightful days of pleasure. I had the "choir day," and the "distinction" one.

The day before the great mystery, the farewell banquet given to the Rhetoricians, and known as the "Rhetoricians' Do," there fell one of these good days—the choir one—so that two coming together made a tremendous conjoined festival. There were now only some three or four days from the great Academy Day, so the end was approaching. I recall the close of that "good day," it was the choir day, so Berkeley and more, about thirty in all, had it. It was just after dinner, in the evening, and we, in high excitement, had sallied out to the pleasant sward in the park, preparatory to supper. I remember, in the extravagant excitement, recklessly proposing to Father Fitzsimon to favour the company with a tune on the fiddle! But I was sobered by a withering look from our master. But another event had taken place during that dinner. One of the masters had, in the beginning of the year, mortally offended W—— of "ours," a giant fellow, by some humorous lines at a public supper, on his (W——'s) whiskers, at least he took them to himself. He was called on for a song, and now fitted some words, "The farmer's wife cried, 'What's to do?'" which was a sort of catchword of the master's. But it was remarked that his brow grew dark and grim as he listened. W—— had imbibed *quant. suf.*, and he now literally cared for no one.

How I recollect that sunny evening as we passed out from under the grey porch (rather tumultuously), the sun sinking beyond the pleasant ponds. I found myself near W——, who was breathing vengeance. "I don't care *that* for him!" More

of us came up. Then followed a pleasant stroll in the gloam of the evening, looking back on the picturesque towers, and wandering on the smooth turf. Next, after an hour or so, in to supper, where the fried trout, little sweet fish, abounded, caught by our own hands that morning. Too short our joviality, songs and chorus ringing through the old hall! Too soon came the warning note—the others have gone up to bed, and so must we now. As I said, a pleasant license was granted to all the doings of us Rhetoricians, a license significant of the close, so nigh at hand, our restraint being now to end for ever. So, after all had gone up, I recall myself and Waterton wandering about in the moonlit oaken corridors, looking out through the deep mullioned panes upon the ponds, now lit up, not a soul stirring, none but we two walking about softly in the long picture-gallery, watching the moonshine on its polished floor. The thought that I and he, my oldest friend, were mayhap wandering here for the last time! I remember feeling something of this sort. Finally, as we stole softly up the many flights to bed, we heard the sounds of voices far below in the stone hall at the bottom. We found ourselves looking over the banisters, and listening. It was W—— and the offended master in altercation, loud and angry. We listened, awe-stricken that any one should be so bold, then glided away, wondering, to bed. I was scarcely able to sleep for excitement, and thinking of the many joys before us—and those of the morrow—a sort of palpitating feeling.

The next morning we were up at six and down at Mass, and betook ourselves to the study-place—not to study, oh, no!—such things we had done with, but were at once mysteriously called out to meet Mr. X——. And here I must record my admiration of this iron-souled man, who when once he entered into our amusements, came over heart and soul, and added materially to our pleasure, he was so dryly witty and droll. I know I felt sorrowful at parting with him. We rushed down the gallery to that mysterious little portal leading out by the seminary, and here we held council. Every one had a great coat, and Mr. X—— had provided divers old umbrellas—a strange collection—for alas! it was pouring like a deluge. But we all had on old clothes, picked out expressly for us. Then he unfolded the plan of the day. We were to start at once, make for Blackburn, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, *before breakfast*, mind ye! But what matter? It was just the

thing for us—so forth we set, splashing and tramping through mud at a good round pace, and in such spirits! with a good long day in front of us. I have never enjoyed a morning like that, despite the rain and all. (W—— told us that at the stormy scene of last night, the master had said he would suspend his wrath for this day.) Away we went along the slushy roads, such a pleasant joyous feeling that we were free and the others shut up at their books. On we went, Mr. X—— in the centre and we round him, under our umbrellas, talking of future plans and of College gossip, and what happened to “such a one” yesterday, and what “Mr. So-and-so” said the other day; until the sun began to shine a little, and the rain stopped for good and all. It never came again that day. We went bravely on until about half-past eleven, when we came upon some stray houses and a long wall skirting up a little hill, built of that copper-coloured sandstone, which is always associated in my mind with Stonyhurst and our pleasant doings there. Never do I come upon it in the shape of grim railway arches or walls, in my now frequent journeys at Christmas, but it sets me ruminating on those days.

We were now entering Blackburn, having made some twelve or fourteen miles. Here were the tall factories, chimneys, and houses, all of this same queer stone, and the railway afar off. It seemed all new, and wonderful to us, who had been cut off for nearly a year from outward things. A great brick edifice rose before us, edged with white stone (I think I could find my way now, though only there once). This was the hotel, which we entered a little awe-stricken. It seemed palatial, though since then it has appeared to me as it really was: a model inn. We were shown to a private room. “Breakfast, gentlemen? Yes, certainly.” It was twelve o’clock, if not more. How I recall four being in that room (very lightsome), as we sat round waiting, and in such wild spirits and delight. Mr. X—— had got a *Times* of that day, and began to read us out the news. Soon came in the waiter with tea and coffee, and a couple of plates of little squares of buttered toast, which actually, before he had left the room, had vanished as by magic! To us, accustomed to the huge bowl of bread and milk, it was child’s play. “See, my man,” says Mr. X——, in his own dry fashion, “this will *never* do. Go, and set every one to work downstairs making buttered toast, and don’t stop an instant while we are here.” The man stared, laughed, and did as he

was bid. That was a pleasant breakfast indeed! As soon as we had done, we held council number two, when it was suggested and carried that we should set forth and see, ultimately, Hoghton Tower, where the sirloin of beef was knighted. This was something to accomplish, for it was far off; so the bill was called for, and John Murphy, who was treasurer, produced the bag containing the little hoard to which we had been contributing for weeks in anticipation of this very day. The treasure amounted to over £2, if I recollect right.

Once more we were in the streets, trudging forward right valiantly. How we did walk that day! Up hill and down hill, through valleys and defiles, cross roads, and field-paths, yet we never flagged, we had such spirit and delight. I know I had a feeling of unbounded liberty and freedom; and joys of all kinds crowded on me: Academy Day—prizes—home! But there was a little shade as I thought of the present. Such quips and jests and fun; Mr. X——, above all, speaking on with unabated spirit. We came by strange villages and small towns, where people stood at their doors and stared as the little party went by; but we never heeded them, and soon left all behind. Some of these things were curious and novel, even to my eye, which had so long been accustomed to the country. I have an impression on me of many scenes thus crowding on us, and being left behind; of an almost bewildering day, like a dream, and finally of a rather weary one. But the excitement carried us on. Just at this stage I remember Mr. X—— proposing that we should go out of our way a mile or so, and see an old church at Pleasington—a pretty, romantic name that! and so it is ever since associated with a smoothly wooded hill-top, looking down into a vale stretching far away, with little cottages deep below, and a wide, wooded country all round, the bright sultry sun overhead, and a tall Gothic white stone church, a fine structure. I recall a modest white house opposite, overgrown with roses and sweet-smelling plants, as we stopped at the garden gate; a mild, pleasant-looking man came out arrayed in a large straw hat and a bright white linen coat—the Catholic priest! I remember his pleasant welcome and sunburnt face, and the noble interior of the church, of which he did the honours, and on which some £50,000 or £60,000 had been lavished.

We then went on with our journey; the straw hat and white coat faded away, and we found our steps beginning to flag, but

not our spirits. And yet we are not on the right road! On further, more winding roads, more valleys, more sun, and lo! in another hour or so we are entering a fresh-paved, smiling little town, Whitewell, I think was the name, a wondrous place with yellowstone houses and abundance of brass knockers; a most refreshing little town, one with real shops and appointments. I figure ourselves all standing in a sort of general "store," Mr. X— sitting in a chair, while we investigated everything. He, the grocer, displays to our delighted eyes, countless bottles of elegant make, containing imitations of every known wine under heaven—the manufacture just then introduced; there was champagne, sherry, madeira, every vintage, duly *stimulated*. Yes, we would buy them all. Put them up, O grocer, incarnation of civility as he seemed to us. John Murphy, of the money-bag, told forth the sum. But a new difficulty presented itself. How could we carry them, these seven or eight bottles, to Hoghton Tower and back, besides other condiments we had bought and paid for. It was soon solved. "Long Tom," or Edmund, has long been weary, notwithstanding his length of limb, in fact can go no farther, backwards or forwards. So he offers at his own proper charges to "charter a Whitechapel," he will take care of all the baggage. Mr. X—, in a yielding mood, consents to such an unheard-of step. So Tom shall go back with Foxwell, also done up, and we set forth on our further pilgrimage. But we have tasted of the wine, and I recollect its being very medicinal, and somewhat sickly, though we did not acknowledge this. The little town has built for itself a neighbourhood's wonder in the shape of a huge market-place; and every one from far comes to view it. So some of us run across and admire it. Finally we set forth, leaving the smiling little place behind, of which I preserve the memory fresh to this day, like a scene on one of the journeys in Dickens' novels. Leaving, too, behind us, Long Tom and his Whitechapel, we now had more weary toiling up a hill for nearly an hour; we light our pipes and cigars, for Mr. X— concedes everything to us on such a day. But still I find it heavy work, and begin to give in. But Mr. X— comes and cheers me up, and so I push on, till finally we reach Hoghton Tower, which I really consider it a privilege to have seen.

Here we halted to visit a fine old manor-house, then abandoned and in a ruined state—Hoghton Tower. A rare

old place it was. The long summer's day was drawing to a close; the sun was just setting, but I recall the mysterious pleasure with which we wandered through its precincts. There was the gateway, or the piers of the gateway, for the rest was gone, and the courtyard with the old mullioned windows running round—in the centre, a leaden statue, still upright. Within there was the banqueting-hall, then filled with hay; the fine old staircase, the spacious chambers. It was still inhabited, but by hinds and peasants; a portion was used as a barn. Several pic-nic parties were inspecting and refreshing themselves. The impression of this abandoned old mansion long remained with me, and supplied the most romantic picturesque images; it was ever associated with the waning summer's day, and the sinking sun. Years later, I found it described in Ainsworth's stirring tale, *The Lancashire Witches*. But since then the owner has rescued it from this desolation, and restored it to its old glories. The two sets of associations always come back to me as I think of old Hoghton, and with a sort of pleasing melancholy, which attends anything seen when the sun is setting.

Time now to set forth homewards. But there was balm in Gilead. The railway ran at the foot of the hill; here was a station called "Hoghton Tower," a station that I have often passed since on my way to Stonyhurst at Christmas-time, when it has always called up the memory of that day, on which we sat and waited under the shadow of the tall hill the arrival of the train.

We glided away exceedingly refreshed and comforted, and sped over the country; there was something very novel and bewildering in this change to us, who had been so prisoned and curbed all the year. Soon we came to Whalley, I think, or Clitheroe, I am not sure which, where we were let out, and had not many miles to walk, which we did with good spirit, all on such pleasant, overflowing terms with one another. We passed lodges, and entrances to domains, strange and handsome. We stopped at a curious, sanded-floored, public-house, for some heavy ale; then set forth again, and finally quite "done" and exhausted we staggered in under the welcome porch of the College, as the clock was on the stroke of six. "Up to your beds" (not *rooms*), says Mr. X—, "and change and get ready for dinner." And so we betook ourselves to the dormitory. Such a pleasant, weary, delicious day; we were so

tired, and yet so pleased; so delighted with everybody and everything. Now for the evening's programme.

Early in the year we seven had, on a trying public occasion, come forward as "special constables," and as it were firmly put down a general riot and mutiny. The crisis was a serious one, and Father Sumner, the Rector, was very grateful, and vowed he would recompense us on the first occasion. So instead of the usual "do," which had hitherto been merely a walk and a light supper collation, with negus or punch, we were to be treated with an almost magnificent liberality, we were to have a regular set dinner, not at the Gothic hour of two, no, but at six o'clock! a thing never heard of before within memory of the oldest inhabitant! But our fellows some way, I think, were regarded as no one class there before us had been; there was a sort of attachment and regard for us, we were so known and liked by those above us. Father Sumner was himself to dine with us in token of his regard; in fact he had invited us to dine with *him*—great, unusual honour!

We sat down with a certain weariness in our limbs, but the dinner reinvigorated us wonderfully. There were some miraculously white fowls, and ham, and heaven knows what. We thought we had never seen such a feast, or such a pleasant party sitting round. Sundry people, select and few, had been invited, Father Ramière and Father Fitzsimon, and a few others, the Rector at the head and Mr. X—— at the foot, who had on his silk gown—always a note of high festival with him, such a happy night! And why not keep these memories fresh and green? They are but schoolboy's days, 'tis true, but still refreshing to recall.

Looking back on that night the figures seem to grow dim and the light to fade. I remember Father Sumner standing up and saying something in praise of our excellent friend and master, and his unwearied pains and regard for us, and Mr. X—— in his turn speaking of us all, and how at times he may have given way to more temper and severity than perhaps he had intended ("No, no!"), but it was all with the best intention; we are not always masters of ourselves. We had his hearty and best wishes for our welfare. We all began to feel a little choky and husky as he said this, and I was tempted to get up and say something, but alas did not. Then we had some chanting. Father Ramière, a facetious Frenchman, gave some imitations, which sent us into convulsions

of laughter. The rest of that night fades away, a melancholy haze overhanging it. It was our parting feast ere we were scattered. That long weary day ended ; and as I lay down and thought it all over, it seemed as though I was utterly bewildered with the brilliant changes of scene and the calm tranquil one that closed it, a scene which I have now in soft dim outline before me, rising like a shadow.

THE GREAT ACADEMIES.

The flutter and bustle of the last days was inconceivable. There were the memorable examinations in all departments to be got through, the extra honours, &c., the preparations for the Grand Academies, to which "the strangers" were invited. The music too, great stress was laid upon *that*. All these things were going on together and being pushed forward at the same time. An almost enchanting function was the "ordering our new clothes." No "dude" ever repaired to his tailor with more complacency or more sense of importance. "Brother James" was the official tailor, and you repaired to his "shop," no longer to order a coarse blue suit of regulation pattern, and take what you got, fit and all. A change almost pantomimic had come over him and his place. Here were bales of "fancy goods" got down for the occasion, and which he displayed with all the usual sartorial courtesies and recommendations. Our choice was deferred to and admired. Some of the combinations, from lack of experience, were truly startling. I call to mind a friend of my own, whose taste was appalling. He selected *in primis* a grass-green shooting coat, a red Stuart-plaid, double-breasted vest, blue or bluish trousers. These were set off on the Exhibition Day by a vivid crimson tie. The guests gazed with astonishment as he came forward to "spout." The grass-green coat, I remember, was garnished with metal buttons, each displaying a sporting incident in high relief. My friend on the great day was always surrounded by the curious, who were studying his extraordinary buttons. Some were shooting over a pointer, &c.

The day before the Great Academies was an agitating one enough. It was known popularly as "Packing-up day." There was a delightful flutter and hurry in the air, a sense of agitation that had something nervous in it. Towards noon the word was passed that all were to ascend to the dormitories and pack up their "good and chattels." It was a curious welcome sensation

to find laid out on our beds all our familiar articles of apparel, from which we had been parted for nearly a year, with the school-boy trunk, to say nothing of various favourite little articles that had been detained "at the customs," and were now restored. The operation did not take long. Our new clothes too were ready and waiting to-morrow's gala.

Later in the day there was to be a solemn ceremonial in the church, a *Te Deum* chanted in acknowledgment of all the blessings of the year. This was a grand ecclesiastical ceremony, with procession and a fine display of copes, &c. The music was on a grand scale, with fiddles and other instruments; our faithful dancing-master, as usual, lending his aid. Alfred White dealt valiantly with the kettle-drums, myself with the flute. The music was always the old Liège *Te Deum*, pronounced usually "Leege," with additions from Romberg. This "Leege" work was considered a masterpiece, though it was, in fact, a very *rococo* and noisy thing, full of old-fashioned turns and flourishes. We had a "Leege" Litany and a "Leege" *Tantum ergo*, equally extolled and of the same genre. However they did very well and kept up the old traditions.

One of the most interesting of these Liège traditions was the College song, often vociferously intoned at a "good supper," but more specially reserved for "Breaking-up day." These short songs are always interesting. At Beaumont they have their *Carmen*.

LIEGE CHORUS.

- A.A.A.—*Læta sunt tempora,*
Nulla sunt studia,
Jam vacant omnia,
 a.a.a.—*Læta, &c.*
- E.E.E.—*Finis miseriæ,*
Finis ferularum,
Finis Lachrymarum,
 e.e.e.—*Finis, &c.*
- I.I.I.—*Lætatur amici,*
More professorio,
Cænatur in refectorio,
 i.i.i.—*Lætatur, &c.*
- O.O.O.—*Jucundo animo,*
Libros abjicimus,
Patriam quærimus,
 o.o.o.—*Jucundo, &c.*

The same admiration was excited by certain other compositions, those of Lambillotte, a Belgian Jesuit, which were florid and operatic enough. A very different thing was the Passion music written by the accomplished Jesuit astronomer, De Vico, and which was really as beautiful as it was original.

The rest of this day was feverish and restless. The hours seemed to drag on slowly. Feeble attempts were made at playing games, &c., but it would not do. Discipline was suspended, not out of tolerance, but because it could hardly be enforced. There was so much going on, too, in the way of preparation, that our Superiors must have been argus-eyed indeed to enforce it. It was only in the case of some two outrageous acts of disorder that a gentle warning was extorted. We walked up and down, talking over the exciting event. At last the welcome bed-time came, but we did not sleep very much.

Here was the delightful final day arrived at last. A delicious agitation reigned during the early hours, as though some nervously exciting event were impending. We were all resplendent in our new dresses; he of the grass-green coat and sporting buttons walking about proudly and displaying his attractions. The sun seemed to shine that morning with a sort of tender softness. We were all kindly disposed and affectionate, even effusive. I must confess I have never felt anything approaching even the sort of supernatural happiness of that celestial morning. Sometimes we had glimpses of the academy-room, through the half-opened door, which was presently to be our paradise.

There were strange figures, strange to our eyes, that is, walking about the galleries, tall, squire-like looking gentlemen in high check neckclothes, on affectionate terms with some gowned companion. It may have been Squire Weld from Leagram, or Squire Fenton. We had our regular *habitués*. Those who had crossed the courtyard reported that flies and carriages were driving up, and company set down. Every one was flitting somewhere, passing through the galleries in a hurry. Great strain was on the authorities.

At last, towards noon, we were all gathered in the academy-room, a tumultuous throng, brimming over with excitement. The "strangers" were on the lower benches in serried rows; Father Sumner, *Rector magnificus*, in the centre, extra courteous with the guests of honour about him. The look of these

festive chambers comes back on me, and still more the strange expectant feeling. Dickens has caught it exactly in his account of the "breaking up" at Dr. Blimbers in *Dombey*. The very walls, pictures of the Stuarts, philosophical instruments even, seemed to have a smiling festival air, like human faces. But what my eye settles on particularly after this long interval is the round table in the centre; a glorified table, indeed, with its display of richly-bound volumes—the prizes! while in the centre, according to antique custom, was the ebony casket, inlaid with gold, so it seemed, which had once belonged to Maria Christina of Thirsk. The doors of this magic box were thrown open, while from it streamed a number of blue ribbons attached to the silver medals which reposed in the drawers. What secrets we thought were there! What would we have given, we, the aspirants at least, to know. There were Philistines of course among us, who neither sought nor cared for prizes, to whom the whole matter was indifferent.

As the proceedings were about to begin, the general spirit of happiness and excitement seemed to diffuse itself over all. There was a look of gala or festival, the bright sunlight streaming in at the windows, the gay colours, the exuberant chatter not to be restrained. At this end of the room was the band or orchestra drawn up ready to begin; "little Wood" arrayed in his best, with all the airs and importance of a *chef d'orchestre*. We began with, say, the overture to the *Nosce di Figaro*, rattled through within the legitimate three minutes. Those who were to contribute to the exhibition were seated on two rows of chairs spread out fan-like in front of the audience, resplendent in their finery. When the music was done, there was a pause, and then a youngster advanced slowly into the middle, and with a bow began a "prologue." There was one of these effusions which I have preserved, a graceful thing enough.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE GREAT ACADEMIES, AUGUST, 1849,

BY

HENRY BERKELEY.

(*Rhetoric.*)

O! give our guests greeting! yet stray they we fear,
 Albeit their good steeds are foaming:
 To Ribblesdale comes neither fair dame nor peer.
 The gallants all hie them to blue Windermere,
 Or round sunny Conway are roaming.

The sportsman is bending where heather-fowl nest,
 The fisherman gone to the Highlands :
 Our Queen, Heaven guard her, she chooses the best,
 She's away to the beautiful "Land of the West,"
 The fairest, the saddest of islands.

Now hush, timid muse, for well-witting they ride,
 Not in vain are their fleet coursers panting :
 'Twere pleasant, I own, o'er the ripple to glide,
 Of hill-bosomed lakes, and to climb the wild side
 Of Conway's old steeps were enchanting.

And their guns they may love, or by wild banks to troll
 For the spoils of the dark wave below.
 But rapture more exquisite steals o'er the soul
 When with long-severed friends, thro' the old halls they stroll,
 That were dear to their hearts long ago.

Not in vain have they ridden, though haply the green
 On Ribblesdale's hills may not vie
 With the Emerald Erin spreads out for her Queen,
 Yet memory sheds tints of gold o'er the scene
 When the grey College walls meet the eye.

Here the old man forgets all the years that are flown
 Since raven locks shadowed his brow,
 While our young hearts flutter, he thinks how his own
 Once throbbled with delight while on his bosom shone
 The bright guerdon we sigh for now.

O ! bright in time's annals are blazoned the words
 Of the wide-ruling satrap of yore :
 "I have broad lands," he said, "and my vassals are lords,
 But dearer to me than my lands and my hoards
 Is the crook which in childhood I bore !"

Then came the examinations in the classics, some of the strangers being invited to brush up their classic lore, which was perhaps rusty. Several of these examiners took in things seriously, and began to "tackle" the unhappy youth with pertinacity ; and I recall one of our masters interfering to shield his pupil, when a warm discussion arose between him and the stranger, to the general amusement. Then came spouting pieces, some in English, some in Latin or Greek, *idem Latine redditum*, with more music. And so it went on till we came to the grand *pièce de résistance* which wound all up—"The Ode," usually written by the Master of Rhetoric. One of these productions, the work of Father Gallwey, has much poetical charm and picturesqueness, and so embodies Stonyhurst feelings that I think it would make an admirable cantata suitable for such occasions. I myself, boldly daring, have "set" a good portion of it, and I think not ineffectively :

Friends, farewell, the chimes are telling
Childhood's sports and toils are o'er ;
Friends, farewell, this peaceful dwelling
Is house and home for us no more.
Alas ! what need to break the spell,
Why sever childhood's links of gold ?
Friends of my childhood, one brief hour still linger,
Enchantment streams from memory's harping finger.

II. 1.

No, breathe not one intrusive sound,
Or teach me e'er you bid me roam
Where I may find a happier home
In cot, or tent, or spangled dome.
Or spare the links wherewith my heart is bound,
Can I forget how o'er my head
Ne'er waning through youth's twilight gloom,
A beacon star my path has led
To our bright home beyond the tomb.
Are they forgot, those friends that tendered
Priceless warning to mine ear ?
Or mirror-hearts that still have rendered
Smile for smile, and tear for tear ?
Can I forget how by the bier
Where lay my blameless playmate sleeping,
I've knelt and chid my eye for weeping ?
For where, I mused, in sward or stilly wave,
Can stainless virtue find so meet, so blest a grave ?

II. 2.

But ah ! it fades, that fairy scene :
Childhood's flower-deck'd fields of green
Fade on my anxious sight.
Yet hush, the sigh, for lo appears
The arrow-flight of coming years
To still the visions bright.
I see a homeland, yours and mine,
Where deathless love our hearts shall twine.
Hark ! hear you not yon morning drum
Roll o'er the soldier's resting-place ?
Friends of my youth, you come, you come,
So come they all—I hear each knell
From hamlet's spire, from castle tower,
Nor sword, nor ermine stays the hour.
They come, I know each sable scutcheon well ;
They come, and my grave waits beside my lonely cell

II. 3.

Wake then no idle strain :
Sing as we sever,
Sing that we meet again,
Meet, and for ever !
Sing as the cherub sings.

On the dark billow,
 There where the sea-buoy swings
 Rock'd on his pillow,
 Anthems that scatter clouds
 Ripe for the morrow,
 Hymns that shall speed our shrouds
 On floods of sorrow.
 For while our bark we steer,
 False stars will glisten,
 Syrens will tempt our ear,
 Woe if we listen !
 If like that angel's lay
 Skill can discover
 Notes that where'er we stray
 Round us shall hover ;
 In desert or busy throng,
 Ever pursue us
 Like the wild Alpine song,
 Homeward to woo us.

Oh! did such luring clouds the song of Sion swell,
 And my full heart shall join the sad and sweet farewell.

There is a sort of pathetic strain here which is very pleasing ; and, as I said, it embodies the mixed feelings of the day.

Now came a pause : there was a hush of expectancy as the Prefect of Studies stepped forward to the centre with his portfolio to read out the prize list. It was a really nervous moment for the leading candidates, of whom there are two or three in every class who share the spoils, and whose merits are about equal. The first prize, "general merit," may fall to one this year ; to the other, the next. I recall sitting next one of these candidates, and when his rival's name came out, he literally gave a gasp of disappointment, and half rose from his seat. It was an agonizing moment when the other tramped down and had the blue ribbon, with the medal, put round his neck. These handsome medals bear on one side the device of the College towers with the words, *Collegium Saxosylvanum* ; on the other, *merenti Collegium Saxosylvanum*. The medal was attached to the ribbon with a little silver clip which sometimes gave way, when it rolled off into inaccessible places, to the confusion of the wearer.

The ceremony occupied a long time. It was amusing to note the different fashions in which the candidates received their honours ; some, unable to contain their delight, and rushing down with a broad grin ; while others were quite "imperturbable," as Mr. Brigham would say. It was an exciting moment when the great mathematical prize, twenty-five pounds, was given. How we envied the feelings of the winner, as the

little cheque was handed to him. There was a second prize of ten pounds. Shouts ascended, more in testimony to the vast sum than to the merit of the candidate.

At last it was over, and the company broken up. I see them all grouped now on the floor, I hear the chatting of voices. The happy boys whose parents were there, had joined them. For the prize-winners it was ecstasy, an exquisitely soft sense of pleasure filled his heart. Every one there seemed good and true, noble and beautiful beings. I remember one of my friends leading me up with pride to his sister, a lovely being, as she seemed, in a pale pink bonnet and gawdy veil. She bent down, spoke with a sweet musical voice, and appeared delighted to see me. They presently all trooped away to the banquet in the Baronial Hall.

The rest of the day was a sort of anti-climax. After the feverish excitement of the morning, the tedious monotony was oppressive. In those days, owing to the slow trains, &c., it was possible for a few only to set off for home. It was necessary to start betimes, on the following morning. Some happy ones departed at once with their parents and guardians. Now we have changed all that, and perhaps not for the better. The Academies have to be curtailed or hurried, so as to "catch the trains." The instant they conclude begins the "hurry scurry." There is at least a gain in picturesqueness. There could be no more stirring scene than that of the old courtyard all strewn with trunks and packages, which a busy "Minister" was sorting out into some kind of order, while a score of flies, with a large waggon or two, were awaiting without. Then came the troop of exiled lads who were first for departure. Returning, after many years' absence, when the old order had much changed, I witnessed these scenes not without half-melancholy feelings. Poor Father Farmer, so lately departed, was bustling about superintending all in his own admirable manner. My own "chattels" were put on the cart with the rest, and I set forth to walk the old road by Mytton to Whalley. A most delightful walk it was, and I was glad to breathe once more the delicious inspiring air, to gaze on the fair extending rolling landscape, to cross the old bridge. Nearing Whalley, I was overtaken by the carter: "Ye mun, hästen a bit," said the driver, "or ye'ol be lät. Get ye oop into cärt, will ee?" And so I did, and thus unheroically passed by old Whalley Abbey, and gained the station only just in time.

As I said, under the old dispensation, it was not until the following morning that we set forth. When a number were going in the same direction, a "Superior" usually went with us. I remember one year a rather dramatic incident occurred at Preston. During the last months a spirited but insubordinate youth had been severely punished for his misdeeds, whatever they were. Resenting this, he took the resolution of running away, and this rash act he accomplished. He fled to some friends he had made in the neighbourhood, who sheltered him. As we were waiting in the station, whom should we see but the runaway with his friend, who came up to us familiarly, and I remember distributed some printed extracts from a local paper in which his grievances were set out. Our guide and friend, however, promptly interfered, and with much dignity said to him: "Sir, I must request that you will not speak to these boys who are under my charge; I will not allow it." The other was quite cowed, and answered hurriedly, "Oh, certainly not, sir, if you wish it," and retired. With the inconstancy of all crowds, we faced right about, and agreed that it was "uncommonly cool and impudent of ——" to come up to us, and thought —— had served him right.

Reviews.

I.—THE IRISH CISTERCIANS.¹

THIS brief and interesting account of the introduction into Ireland of the Cistercian branch of the time-honoured Benedictine family, of its growth, ruin, and restoration within living memory, is prefaced by a compendious narrative of the life and labours of the illustrious "Lawgiver of Western monachism," St. Benedict. Within some three or four centuries from their origin, the spiritual progeny of the whilom hermit of Subiaco had lost their first fervour, and entered upon a period of rapid decline. The main factors of this deterioration were the disorders resulting from Saracen and Norse incursions, but more especially the intrusion by the civil power of Abbots *in commendam*. Here too, as in all else, the inconstancy of man, "who never continues in the same state" (Job. xiv. 2), the fickleness of human purpose have to be taken into account. The reiterated enactments of Councils failed to restore pristine fervour, or to arrest the progress of decay. Nor could it well be otherwise, for less even than the institution, is the reformation of a Religious Order the work of the hierarchy; men called and specially gifted from on high are needed for either purpose. The Church, indeed, can encourage, second, and seal their enterprise with her approval, create them she cannot. Reformation must proceed from within, as the outcome of latent vitality, of inherent recuperative power actuated by a man chosen and sent by God. Among these St. Benedict of Aniane calls for a passing notice. A century later, in the opening decade of the tenth century, the pious liberality of William, Duke of Aquitaine, founded the Abbey of Cluny, a fruitful nursery of saints, under the government of Blessed Bernon, which besides giving St. Gregory VII. to the Church, restored the primitive lustre of the Benedictine Order. The federation of the numerous

¹ *The Irish Cistercians; Past and Present.* Historical Sketch. Dublin Dollard, 1893.

monasteries of the Cluniac reform¹ contained in germ and suggested the organization into provinces adopted by later religious institutes. By the close of the eleventh century the Cluniacs themselves needed reformation, another man was wanted and by God's gracious providence was forthcoming.

Born in Champagne of a noble family, St. Robert, after several ineffectual attempts to restore strict observance in the communities committed to his charge, was, by Papal sanction, set over the solitaries of Colan. The unhealthiness of the place soon forced him to migrate to the forests of Molesme. Baffled in his efforts to maintain regular discipline, with twenty-one of his companions he withdrew to the forest of Cîteaux,² in the environs of Dijon. The new monastery was founded on March 21, the feast of St. Benedict, which in that year (A.D. 1098), fell on Palm Sunday. Recalled the following year, by Papal mandate, to Molesme, St. Robert left the work of reform to be continued by two of his associates, SS. Alberic and Stephen Harding, the latter of whom is commemorated in the English calendar on April 17. During his administration he was harassed by anxious fears lest the rigid poverty and austere mode of life he insisted upon were disapproved by God. His community was fast dwindling away by frequent deaths, and as no new recruits came to fill up the vacancies, it was to all appearance within measurable distance, as they say nowadays, of extinction. The Saint had recourse to prayer, and must have felt that his humble supplications were answered, when in 1113, St. Bernard with thirty companions, the flower of the Burgundian nobility, craved the white habit of Cîteaux. As is well known, within a few years from the date of his admission, the growth of the Cistercian Order progressed by leaps and bounds; from Clairvaux alone no less than one hundred and sixty monasteries were founded during his lifetime. We come at last to the beginnings of the Cistercian Order in Ireland. On his first journey to Rome, the Archbishop of Armagh, St. Maelseachlainn³ (commonly miscalled Malachy) made the acquaintance of St. Bernard, his future biographer, in whose arms he died. The holy prelate would fain have exchanged the episcopal garb for the monastic habit, but this was not to

¹ No less than three hundred and fourteen monasteries.

² In old French *Cîteaux*, Latin, *Cistercium*, so called, it is said, from a number of *cisterns* in the neighbourhood.

³ "Maelseachlainn," *i.e.*, "the tonsured of," or, "devoted to Seachlann," better known as St. Secundinus.

be. On his return from Rome, selecting four of his suite, he committed them to St. Bernard's care, to be trained in the duties and observances of the Cistercian profession, with a view to its introduction into Ireland. On reaching home, the Saint selected for the site of the contemplated monastery the valley of Mellifont, watered by the Mattock, which divides Louth from Meath. In 1142, the pioneers of the Cistercian Order set foot on Irish soil. The monastic colony consisted of Christian and his three compatriots, who, as we have seen, had been left at Clairvaux, with some French monks to the number of thirteen, as representing our Lord and the Twelve. It was thus that St. Bernard set out from Cîteaux to found Clairvaux, and from the records of early Irish monasticism we gather that, whenever an eminent monk went forth on a sacred expedition, twelve of his brethren were selected to accompany him and were placed under his control.

We pass by the claim made for St. Mary's Abbey,¹ Dublin, to be the earliest Cistercian house in Ireland. The precedence invariably awarded in the Acts of Chapter and in the rolls of Parliament to the Abbot of Mellifont, may be taken to prove its priority. One of the French monks who accompanied Christian, Robert by name, was a skilful architect. He planned the abbey buildings on the model of Clairvaux, which was also followed by the other Cistercian houses in Ireland. It is further interesting to know that, in Ireland as elsewhere, the Cistercians invariably preferred to settle down in valleys and near a copious stream. That the Cistercians revolutionized for the better Irish ecclesiastical architecture is allowed by all competent judges. They are also said to have been the first in Ireland to make bricks and to use them in building. The well-drawn description of the monastic church and residence with its offices, accompanied as it is by engravings, claims attention as helping us to realize the detailed account of the daily life and labours of the inmates given in the closing chapter. The foundation of twenty-four Cistercian abbeys in Ireland, within the brief period before the Anglo-Norman invasion, attests its rapid and wondrous increase. Received with open arms by princes, prelates, and by those of humbler grade, it may be said to have had "kings for its nursing fathers, and their queens for its nursing mothers." (Isaias xlix. 23.) Thus, at the consecration of the church of Mellifont (A.D. 1157), the over-king, Mortough

¹ It has left but its name to Abbey Street.

McLaughlin, with a numerous suite of dynasts, attended in person. The primate, Gelasius,¹ assisted by sixteen bishops and a goodly gathering of monastic prelates, performed the function. Among those who on this solemn occasion made princely offerings was Derbhorgill, whose name is associated with the misfortunes of her race. More sinned against, perhaps, than sinning, she ended her days in retirement at Mellifont, in 1198. But how account for this spontaneous and unanimous welcome of a foreign importation by a strongly conservative race, wedded to its past, and loth to extend the proverbial hospitality never withheld from the stranger within its gates, to institutions not racy of its native soil? From its origin till about the time of the advent of the Cistercian colony, the Irish Church was a monastic Church; monastic prelates and monks were its chief pastors and priests. Further, the Cistercian life, with its strict self-renouncement, its combination of the three-fold labour of prayer, bodily toil, and study, prescribed by St. Colum Cille, was a *replica* of the early Celtic monasticism, which had still to recover from the dire effects of Danish invasions. Hence too, its numerous foundations, schools of sanctity and learning, might well be deemed seminaries of bishops, so frequently were its abbots and monks called to fill the vacant thrones of the churches, to take up the burden of the many bishops who resigned their sees to put on the Cistercian habit. But not only ecclesiastical dignitaries, princes and nobles also took refuge in the Cistercian cloisters. Among these may be mentioned Cathal O'Connor, King of Connaught, the munificent founder of Knockmoy, Co. Galway, and of eleven other monasteries. In the troublous times that followed the Anglo-Norman invasion, Cistercian abbeys were repeatedly plundered, and their communities scattered by those who had been sent—so we are told—to reform religion and morals in Ireland! From its situation just outside the Pale, Mellifont had to bear the brunt of the all but truceless conflict between the natives and the invaders. The execution of the ukase suppressing the three hundred and seventy-six houses of the different Religious Orders then in Ireland, lacked none of the revolting details Dom Gasquet has lately recorded. The anonymous author mentions with justifiable pride that, with but few exceptions, the monks refused to sign the articles of "voluntary" surrender, thus foregoing all claim to the annuity

¹ His name is "Gilla-Iesu, or, Isu," servant of Jesus, the same as "Gillies."

which was to reward their compliance, and braving the fate of their brethren who were summarily hanged from the nearest tree for the encouragement and warning of the survivors.

It is also consoling to know that in the distribution of the spoils, ten monasteries only fell to the lot of the old Irish, who, for the most part, abhorred the gains of sacrilege. After the suppression the monastic libraries were destroyed with wanton Vandalism, manuscripts of priceless value were consigned to the flames by ardent Protestants, or devoted to the basest uses. In the dark and evil days that followed, bonds, torture, death, and, in some instances, wholesale massacre form the record of the Irish Cistercians. For all that, as will be seen in these pages, the succession of titular abbots was maintained; at the slightest lull in the storm, they mustered anew within the walls of their ruined abbeys, and the history of the past Irish Cistercians closes only about the middle of the last century. The story of their return in the concluding chapters will be read with interest and edification, as showing that difficulties, to all human seeming insurmountable, are no match for *labor improbus* sustained by unswerving trust in God. At the Restoration the Trappists returned to France, and settled in a former house of theirs at Melleray in Brittany. They were soon joined by a numerous Irish contingent. After the Revolution of July, 1830, the community was dispersed for a while, and seventy Irish monks, with the late Prior of Melleray, Dom Vincent Ryan, were landed at Cork by a French war-ship.

After a temporary sojourn near Killarney, Dom Vincent heard that Sir Richard Keane, of Cappoquin, was willing to let him a tract of mountain land bearing the name of Scrathan (barren). As the French say, *le nom n'était pas volé*. In 1832, Dom Vincent took possession of the waste, with the large sum of tenpence in his possession. The "lazy" monks worked with a will, and aided by the gratuitous labour of the surrounding peasantry, were enabled in 1833 to lay the first stone of their monastery, which two years later was raised into an abbey. In 1838 their church was ready for choral service. With the building of the monastery and church, the work of wresting the barren moor from its wildness proceeded *pari passu*, and now a well-fenced farm embowered in verdant groves lies in the midst of a waste of brown heather. In 1848 the community was in a condition to send forth a new colony, but in the then untoward state of Ireland, the United States were selected for the foundation of

New Melleray, whose two first Superiors were promoted to bishoprics. After the famine, the rapid increase of the community of Mount Melleray necessitated a new foundation. In 1878, Count Moore, of Mooresfort, concluded the purchase of a demesne of four hundred acres with a residence, two miles from Roscrea, and presented it to the monks, who took possession on the 1st of March in that year. The mansion with its offices and surroundings bore every trace of long neglect: to adapt it to the requirements of a community of thirty-three monks was their first concern. But how build a monastery and a church? True, materials were there, but money was lacking. The scanty accumulations of the products of their toil were supplemented by a fund which, in Ireland at least, is the unfailing resource of every pious or charitable work, the pence of the poor, "whose deep poverty abounds unto the riches of their open-handedness." The church, of which a minute description is given in these pages, was opened for Divine Service in 1881, and three years later, consecrated by the present Bishop of Cork. At the request of the diocesan, the Bishop of Killaloe, the monastery still in course of completion was raised into an abbey, and the elect of the community of Mount Heaton, henceforth to be known as Mount St. Joseph, was solemnly blessed in the abbey church by Archbishop, now Cardinal Persico.

The author has interwoven with his narrative quotations from the several apologists of monachism; to our mind, no vindication can be more convincing than this unpretending memoir. We hope he may soon have to chronicle the rise and progress of other Cistercian foundations in "Virgin Eire of the Saints."

2.—THE STORY OF ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA.¹

Father Goldie tells us in the notice appended to this volume that the appearance in the *Analecta Bollandiana*, in 1892, of the first part of the hitherto unpublished MS. Life of St. Stanislaus, written by Father Urban Ubaldini about the year 1666, showed that it was necessary to prepare a new edition of the *Story of Stanislaus Kostka*, brought out by Father

¹ *The Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka, of the Society of Jesus.* Edited by Francis Goldie, of the same Society. Third Edition, enlarged. (Quarterly Series. Vol. 13.) London: Burns and Oates, 1893.

Coleridge, the first edition in 1875, the second in 1877. Father Ubaldini's position as Promoter of the Cause of the Saint's canonization, and his residence in Rome and Poland, opened to him all the sources of information. His MS. passed from the library of the Society at Przemyśl, but in 1870 was presented to Father Czezowski, S.J., of Cracow; owing, however, to adverse circumstances the publication of it was delayed. Father Goldie has also consulted the unpublished portion of the MS. and many other sources, as indicated in the numerous notes. Moreover, he has had the advantage of assistance from the well-known Polish scholar, Mr. E. Nagowski, the Bollandist Fathers, and others. The large amount of information gleaned in so many ways has enabled him to produce a very complete and satisfactory volume, crowded with interesting facts, and delightfully readable. Though it was necessary not merely to revise, but in great part to rewrite this edition, care has been taken to retain, wherever possible, the passages from the graceful pen of Father Coleridge, including his masterly Preface.

The opening chapter, entitled "The Meeting of two Saints," is devoted to a picturesque description of the reception of Stanislaus in Rome by St. Francis Borgia, the Father General. Then "going back in time and far off in place, the history is recounted of the young man who had thus come to add another light to the glorious galaxy of holiness that was gathered within the walls of Rome, when St. Pius V. was on the throne, when St. Philip Neri, with Baronius and Tarugi at St. Girolamo, and Blessed John Leonardi, one of the many who were attaining perfection under his guidance, and St. Felix of Cantalice at the Capuchins, and our own St. Francis Borgia, were practising their heroic virtues in the holy city." Stanislaus was born on October 28th, 1550, of noble Polish parents. At a very early age his dawning sanctity justified the hopes called forth by wonderful occurrences previous to his birth. His parents "saw in him a gravity beyond his years, so tender a devotion, such modesty and purity of soul as to draw from them the loving words 'that he was an angel now and would be a saint by and bye.'" In his fourteenth year he was sent with his elder brother Paul to the Jesuit College in Vienna. Unfortunately a few months after their arrival the Fathers were deprived of the house used by them as a boarding-school, and Paul and his brother were forced to seek lodgings. Paul insisted upon taking

rooms in the house of the Senator Kimberker, a bigoted Lutheran. Other young men, including two relatives, shared their rooms. These relatives, it seems, were as gay and frivolous as Paul, and these three, exasperated at the austerities practised by Stanislaus, shamefully ill-treated him. His tutor also took part in the long and cruel persecution. The gentle youth bore it all with unruffled sweetness and patience. But it still went on, and even his miraculous preservation from injury by fire did not soften the hearts of his tormentors. At last Stanislaus became seriously ill. In great distress because the Lutheran would not allow the Blessed Sacrament to be brought into the house, he earnestly appealed to St. Barbara. And not in vain, for she suddenly appeared accompanied by two angels, and Stanislaus communicated with great joy. This marvellous event was followed by a visit from our Lady, who ordered him to enter the Society of Jesus. He was at once completely restored to health. Previous to his illness he had felt a desire to join the Society, and the intimation of the Divine will prompted him to take steps to remove the difficulties in the way. In August, 1567, he fled from Vienna, and clad in humble garb travelled on foot to Dillingen. Towards the end of his long journey he visited a certain church, which to his dismay he found was in the hands of the Lutherans. Here to his great consolation Holy Communion was again administered to him by angels. At Dillingen he was affectionately welcomed by Blessed Peter Canisius, Provincial of Upper Germany, who sent him after a short probation to Rome, where he entered the Novitiate on October 28th, 1567. "His noviceship lasted for not quite ten months, nor was it unlike that of other novices in the quiet and unbroken tenor of its holy monotony. What distinguished it from the ordinary course of a Jesuit novice was the consummate perfection with which its duties were discharged and the fragrance of exquisite sanctity which it left in the minds of those who were the companions of the Saint and the witnesses of his daily actions." Thus growing day by day in holiness he became the "model and pattern of all novices." He joyfully rendered up his pure soul to his Maker on the feast of the Assumption, 1568, having earnestly besought our Lady to obtain for him the favour of being in Heaven on that day.

The concluding chapters contain full details concerning the honour paid to the Saint after death, his glorification, his relics,

and the conversion of his brother Paul. There are several Appendices ; also a sufficiently copious Index and a Chronology of the life of the Saint.

3.—THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.¹

How many Englishmen there are, even educated Englishmen, who are quite unaware that the London Charterhouse was once a great monastery of the Carthusian Order. They have heard of the Carthusians, perhaps have visited La Grande Chartreuse, are familiar enough with the liqueur made by the monks, and yet know little or nothing of the wonderful and supernatural life that was lived by one of the most austere and mortified even of the contemplative Orders, on the site that for some three centuries was occupied by Charterhouse School, and is now tenanted by Merchant Taylors' School, another of the celebrated London Grammar Schools, which migrated thither when Charterhouse removed into the country. Yet there is little excuse for this ignorance. One of the Carthusian monks has lately written a complete history of the London Charterhouse, its monks, and its martyrs, which was reviewed in our pages some time since. And now we have another no less interesting volume, giving us a clear and comprehensive account of the Carthusian Order in general and of the life they lived in their peaceful solitude. On Englishmen the Carthusians have a special claim by reason of St. Hugh of Lincoln, whose name is so intimately connected with the building of the Cathedral, and who took a prominent part in the political affairs of England towards the end of the twelfth century, though it is around the Grande Chartreuse and the French Carthusians that the general interest mainly centres. For St. Bruno was a Frenchman—if at least one born at Cologne can be so called—and he had lived in France all his life, had pursued his studies at Rheims, and at the time when he obtained the grace of his vocation was Archbishop-Designate of that city. France has always been the head-quarters of the Order, except during the revolutionary storm which from 1792 to 1816 scattered the faithful children of St. Bruno. Yet even during those times of persecution one or two still remained, though at the risk of their lives, unable to tear themselves from the

¹ *The Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse.* By a Carthusian monk. English Edition, abridged from the French. London : Burns and Oates, 1893.

beloved solitude, and eager to minister to the spiritual needs of the surrounding population.

Most Catholics are aware that a Carthusian monastery consists of a number of little houses all grouped together, and that each monk has a little establishment of his own. He has a bed-room, a study, and an eating-room, all as bare and plain as can be. The eating-room was also originally a kitchen, but it was found that so much time was taken from prayer and study by the duties of cookery, that a common kitchen supplied the meals of all by means of a little sort of turn about, where the monk finds his meals at stated hours. He has also a work-room for manual labour, and a little garden of his own. There is no denying that the life is a very trying one: the perpetual silence, the monotony, the abstinence from all flesh-meat, the long night Offices, render it impossible to all save those who have from God the privilege of a Carthusian vocation. But it is a very happy life to the faithful son of St. Bruno, and what is more, a very healthy one; the average longevity is far in excess of the world outside. The Carthusians have had centenarians not a few, and the general health is remarkably good. The law respecting flesh-meat is an absolute one; not even to save his life, or under most urgent medical advice, is a Carthusian allowed to let it pass his lips.

The spirit of the Carthusian Order consists in the cultivation of solitude and contemplation, not of meditation strictly so called, but rather of contemplation on the ground that praise is better than prayer. The solitude is the means of which the end is to draw near to God by means of contemplation. God Himself, writes Dom Masson, is essentially alone, alone by His nature, alone in His operations, alone in His sovereign rule. The Carthusian thus finds in the Godhead the model of the solitude that St. Bruno put in practice.

In the Life of our Lord the model is again reproduced. He chose solitude as the fit place for prayer and contemplation.

Above all [writes Dom Guigo] Jesus Christ, our God and Saviour, who needed not the help of solitude for His sanctification, nor had any reason to fear obstacles thereto in the life of the world, chose to be tempted in the desert for our example. Scripture, moreover, relates how He would pray alone upon a mountain top, and how, when the time of His Passion was at hand, He withdrew from His disciples to pray alone, thus teaching us how favourable solitude is to prayer, since He would not pray in the company even of His Apostles. Nor can

we pass over in silence a mystery worthy of our deepest consideration, which is that our Lord and Saviour has vouchsafed to give us, in His own person, a glorious and living model of the Carthusian calling; when, alone in the wilderness, He gave Himself up to prayer and the exercises of the interior life, mortifying His body also, by fasting, watching, and penance. (p. 156.)

The little volume, to which we have alluded above, and which is a condensation, is English. The larger French work gives a charming sketch of the life of the Order. It begins with an historical account of their foundation, and then describes the various parts of the Grande Chartreuse, the chapel, refectory, library, cells, and chapter-house. Then it gives us an account of the cloister monks and lay-brothers, and the daily life of a Carthusian, and of the spirit and characteristics of the Order. We recommend the book most strongly to all who desire to know more of the Carthusians. It is written with great skill, and the style is excellent. It is adorned with several beautiful photo-prints, the frontispiece being a complete bird's-eye view of the monastery, and is most carefully printed, for although printed in France, we have failed to detect a single misprint in its pages.

4.—NATURAL THEOLOGY.¹

Father Hontheim's *Institutiones Theodicæ* make the fourth volume of the *Philosophia Lacensis*, the series of treatises in Scholastic Philosophy originated by the former Professors at the great College of Maria-Laach. The present volume yields to none of its predecessors in scholastic accuracy, in thoroughness of treatment, and in the endeavour to give due consideration to modern difficulties. As regards the last of these three features, it is noticeable that Father Hontheim devotes more than two hundred out of his eight hundred pages to the objections urged against the Divine Existence alone. Among them, Darwinism occupies thirty-six pages, and there are few, if any, and certainly none of the more familiar, objections nowadays current, which do not come under review. Those raised by the German schools of Kant and Hegel, and again of Spinoza and Lessing, naturally receive considerable attention from a German writer, and this will not make the

¹ *Institutiones Theodicæ, secundum principia S. Thomæ Aquinatis. Ad usum Scholasticorum Accommodavit Jos. Hontheim, S.J. Freiburg: Herder, 1893.*

book less welcome in English seminaries. If to many English minds the philosophies associated with these names appear too abstract to attract attention, there are, none the less, intellectual circles in the country where they are highly thought of. What would be called, by the ordinary type of English mind, the common sense difficulties against theism, such as those from the wide-spread existence and power of evil in the world, are discussed in connection with the name of Bayle, whom Father Hontheim calls the "parent of modern impiety." In Darwinism, he distinguishes the form according to which evolution and consequent distinctions of species are due to the operation of chance (for such is the agent assigned, although the name is not too much obtruded), and the form according to which all is primarily and mainly attributed to an innate tendency. The latter Father Hontheim regards as a system not well supported by the facts, but as in itself a possible and even a highly probable system, and obviously it is one compatible with and even implying theism. The former, to which alone the name of Darwinism is rightly assigned, he argues, has broken down under deeper investigations, and is therefore available by reason of its breakdown as a confirmatory argument in favour of an intelligent and ordinary First Cause.

The volume before us is, of course, not written with a view to ordinary writers, and would probably be set down by them as unintelligible. But professors of philosophy and theology and students in the same branches, who have been trained in the scholastic method, and have learnt to appreciate its power as an instrument of deep and accurate thought, will quickly perceive that Father Hontheim has supplied them with a wealth of application of this method and its principles to modern difficulties, much in advance of what they have hitherto possessed.

It is not only in its handling of anti-theistic objections that these *Institutions* are worthy of recommendation. The positive portion of the treatment is likewise rich and exhaustive in its character. At the same time, while thankful for what we do get, and just because Father Hontheim reveals himself as possessing so good a grasp of his subject, we cannot help feeling some regrets that he has not advanced also in another particular beyond the practice of previous scholastic writers, and condescended to a little fuller elucidation of certain very abstract and most fundamental arguments. For instance, few

even of our adversaries would now deny the necessity of a First Cause ; they would rather challenge us to show that there are not innumerable first causes, each of limited perfections ; that, in short, this is not the nature of the ultimate atoms which physical science is supposed to postulate. And yet the arguments by which Father Hontheim, in common with other scholastics, and of necessity, establishes these two important positions, the Infinity and the Unity of God, are of an exceedingly abstract character, and are wont sorely to try the heads of students and professors, at all events young professors. We are not confessing that we do not ourselves understand them now, but we do confess to many a painful headache in the past, to much vexation of spirit and indignation against the writers who we felt sure might have spared us and aided us a great deal, had they been only willing to condescend somewhat more to human weakness.

5.—PINDAR.¹

This edition of the Pythian and Olympian Odes is, as Dr. Fennell himself tells us in the Preface, virtually a new work. The text is based on the uninterpolated MSS. as exhibited in the *Apparatus Criticus* of Tycho Mommsen's edition of 1864. Of scholarly but unwieldy editions of Pindar there are plenty and to spare ; but in English the average student has little to which he may have recourse for assistance outside of the really valuable editions of Professors Gildersleeve and Seymour. The editor, therefore, is to be congratulated on the successful accomplishment of a very difficult task. He has enriched the text with a commentary and notes, printed in clear, beautiful type at the foot of the page, and bristling with facts and parallelisms that leave little to be desired. In preparing these notes, frequent use has naturally been made of the work of preceding editors, particularly of the German scholars Böekh, Schneidewin, and Mezger, and of Professor Gildersleeve of the John Hopkins University of Baltimore, for which acknowledgment is scrupulously given both in the Preface, and not seldom in the notes themselves. Yet Dr. Fennell is no mere

¹ *Pindar: The Olympian and Pythian Odes.* With Notes, Explanatory and Critical, Introductions and Introductory Essays. By C. A. M. Fennell, Litt. D. New Edition. Edited by the Syndics of the University Press. London : C. J. Clay and Sons.

compiler; for evidences of his own classical insight and critical judgment appear on almost every page. We are glad to say, in spite of the modest disclaimer of the Preface, that the fragments of translation inserted here and there in the notes, show much taste and power of interpretation; though not everybody, we fancy, would approve, "Let him see the shingle set *a-rolling*," in O. xi. 9; nor again, is the rendering suggested for P. iv. 184, altogether so uninvolved as to make it good English. But these are unimportant details. The explanatory and critical remarks, together with the metrical analysis with which each ode is introduced, are excellent, if not absolutely new. In a prefatory essay of thirty pages, in which the more important qualities of Pindar's poetry are touched on with much discrimination, the editor sets forth his views on Mezger's theory of single-word recurrence. He finds that while "Pindar is remarkably given to repeating words in the same ode," the repetition when obviously significant "is generally *heterometric*" rather than *tautometric*, "unless more than one word is recalled." For this reason, as also in view of the fact that in several instances he detects responsion, not of words, but of sounds, and in some odes too many recurrences to fit the catchword theory, he concludes that *tautometric* responsion of single words in Pindar is as a rule without significance, and may sometimes be due to chance. The instances alleged in support of this conclusion, which are given in a footnote, are suggestive; but they scarcely militate against the general truth of Mezger's law. In discussing the structure of the odes, Dr. Fennell, while alluding to the accounts of Westphal and M. Schmidt, approves of and adopts with some modification the simpler view to which Professor Gildersleeve has lent the weight of his authority, namely, that in general, the normal tripartite division corresponds roughly to the triads. The remarks on the Pindaric rhythms and metres are singularly luminous and accurate; though here again, on the vexed question of *kola* and rhythmic periods, the editor shows a disposition to part company with the Germans. In printing the metrical scheme prefixed to each one, he has by a system of stops and commas, indicated Dr. J. H. H. Schmidt's periodic divisions, wherever they differ from his own. It is a pleasure and a responsibility to become the advocate of a new book and a good book; and this edition of Pindar is both one and the other. It should be put in the hands of every student of the great poet, and we heartily commend

it both to beginners and adepts. The typographical work is by Messrs. Clay and Sons, which is saying that it is beyond criticism.

6.—WEST GRINSTEAD AND THE CARYLLS.¹

It is a very pleasant sign to find our friends across the Straits of Dover taking so deep an interest in the topographical history and ecclesiology of Catholic England. Non-Catholics have up to this time almost exclusively occupied this ground, which has such claims upon our interest. How little comparatively have we done since Milner wrote his *Winchester* or Dr. Oliver his *Exeter*. And how far deeper is the interest which we ought to take in all that concerns the faith in this island than that which any Anglican or non-Catholic can find in it.

Mgr. Denis and the institutions which he has created around him on English soil have been the starting-point whence this valuable work before us proceeds. But the history of the introduction of Christianity into Sussex, and the story of the various places, however remotely connected with Grinstead, have led the author on to a much wider field. Interesting as the Catholic history of that county no doubt is, yet there are many others which would afford a still more suitable subject for the pen of a Catholic writer. Up to this we have been almost dependent on Anglican works, such as the S. P. C. K. diocesan histories, which, with all their excellence, necessarily fall far short of Catholic ideal.

Beginning at the earliest days, M. de Trenqualéon gives us a sketch of British and Roman Sussex, and recounts at length the apostolate of St. Wilfrid, to whom the county owes its second conversion. The story of St. Cuthman, of St. Richard of Chichester, of his predecessors in Selsey and in the Norman see of Chichester, and its history in Catholic days, all these subjects are treated in great fulness. Then comes the description of the ancient families connected with the mission of West Grinstead, of their castles, of the religious houses, and parochial churches now included, or once included, in its circuit.

Towards the close of the first volume, the author introduces

¹ *West Grinstead et les Caryll. Etude historique et religieux sur le Comté de Sussex.* Par Max de Trenqualéon. Two vols. London: Burns and Oates, Limited. 1893.

us to the family whose name figures as the second title of the book. And here, glad as we are to see the work in any form, we cannot but regret that a history so essentially English, so full of interest from so many sides, should not have appeared in our own tongue. The large Caryll correspondence, which forms so prominent a feature in the second volume, and which is derived from the Caryll papers in the British Museum, would of itself deserve to have been given to the light in its original form. Like Mr. Gillow's *Haydock Papers*, or Father Morris' *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, they illustrate a portion of history which can never fail to interest English Catholics, telling as they do of the fidelity of their ancestors to the faith in the dark days of proscription and persecution.

The Carylls would appear to have been of Irish extraction. Nicholas, the first whom we meet with in Sussex, was probably an O'Carroll. His daughter's marriage with a Pelham shows the high rank of the father, while his son, who took to the legal profession, achieved great fame and name, became a Serjeant-at-Law, was knighted by Henry VIII., and married for his second wife the daughter of the then Lord Chief Justice. Sir John died before the revolt from Rome. His son and heir, John III., went with the times, was made Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster, and sat on the commission under Edward VI. for the new Common Prayer-book, with men like Peter Martyr. But when Mary came to the throne, so our author tells us, she gave him Chelsea House, the house of Blessed Thomas More, which he very honourably gave up to Mr. Banet (*sic*), son-in-law of Sir Thomas. But Father Bridgett, in his *Life of Blessed Thomas*,¹ makes no mention of Caryll or of Banet, amongst the possessors of the house, of whom he gives a list; nor had More a son-in-law of the name of Banet, unless it is a misprint for Dancy, who married Elizabeth More.

And here we must allude to the great blot of these interesting volumes, the almost hopeless spelling of so many English names of places and people. The French printer has run riot among them, and no check, except a meagre list of corrections, has been put on his vagaries. Let us hope, in a subsequent edition or in an English translation, that this serious defect may be removed.

The family grew in wealth, and acquired the splendid properties of West Grinstead and Harting. Thomas Caryll,

¹ P. 384, 1891.

the grandson of John III., was a staunch Catholic, and his chapel at Benton was served by Father Henry More, S.J., the author of the valuable *Historia Provinciæ Anglicanæ S.J.*, and the great-grandson of the Martyr, who became Provincial. Thomas is buried under a stately tomb in Shipley Church. To one of his nieces, Lady Kemp, Slindon owes its mission. One of her nieces was married to Lord Mounteagle. Francis Tresham, of the Powder Plot, was a near connection of the Carylls, and uncle of that lord, and possibly the letter which warned Mounteagle of the near danger was written by him.

The story, so carefully told, of the various members of the family is a most interesting page in the history of the persecution of the Faith in England. The house of West Grinstead was a refuge for the hunted priests. Many of the sons of the family devoted themselves to God's service as secular priests or as religious, while the daughters went across the water to enter convents in France or Belgium. If more than one bowed to the storm, they repaired their fall by bitter penance. During the brief and delusive gleam of hope in the reign of James II., John Caryll VII. was sent by his Sovereign as his official representative to the Pope, and was made on his return Secretary to the Queen Mary Beatrice. He generously shared the exile of his King, and a large portion of the second volume is occupied with details of great interest, largely illustrated by letters, which tell the story of the hopes and fears of English Catholic Jacobites during the first half of the eighteenth century.

Alexander Pope was a constant visitor at the hospitable mansion of the family at West Grinstead, and there he composed his *Rape of the Lock*. In spite of the immense fines levelled on the property in accordance with the penal laws, John Baptist Caryll, the last of his race, entered on the possession of a splendid property. And sad it is to think that, without any positive fault, but from sheer want of business habits, he allowed the whole to melt away in his hands, leaving nothing behind but the mission of West Grinstead, the last shelter of a few interesting relics of his ancient house.

Besides a number of excellent genealogical tables, three chapters are added, one of which enumerates the price the family had to pay for their faith between 1577 and 1745, and the second gives the list of the priests who served the venerable mission, while the third brings its story down to our own times. The work is admirably illustrated with reproductions of family

portraits, of engravings of places of interest, and heraldic bearings of the Carylls. It will achieve, we hope, a great success, and find its way not only to the houses of the many illustrious families who are connected with the Carylls, of whom exhaustive lists are given in plates 4 and 5, but to the libraries of our Colleges and religious houses, of our priests and Catholic laymen, to all of whom the volumes before us present so much of interest.

7.—THE BATTLE OF ROS-NA-REE ON THE BOYNE.¹

[Second Notice.]

A brief notice of this saga of the Conchobor or Conor cycle appeared in the last issue of this periodical. As may be gathered from its title, like many a page of authentic history, it is "a record of blood and tears." The *causa telerrima belli* between Ulster and the western and southern clans may be briefly stated as follows: Medb (Meave), the discarded wife of Conor, King of Ulster, now Queen of Connaught, sent to Dáre, dynast of Cooley, in Louth, for the loan of his famous brown bull, offering in return a munificent recompense. Her request is granted, and the envoys are feasted right royally. One of them, forgetting discretion in his cups, boasted that, in case of refusal, Medb would have come and taken the bull by force. Whereupon the envoys return empty handed. Indignant at this, Medb forthwith musters her forces and, with a contingent from Leinster and Munster, crosses the Boyne, despite the heroic resistance of Cú Chulainn, the Achilles, so to speak, of the Gaelic *Epopæia*, and carries fire and sword to the gates of Conor's regal dun at Emain, near Armagh. The Ulstermen, recovering from their surprise, pursue the raiders to Gairech, near Athlone, but their Pyrrhic victory compels them to return *re infecta*. The foregoing statement is by no means incompatible with the view the editor takes of the saga to which it leads up, of the reality of the actors in this warlike drama, and of a substructure of historic fact underlying the embellishments of bardic fancy. Records of a much more recent date chronicle long and sanguinary conflicts, not only between savage tribes, but involving the fortunes of great nations, which can be traced to

¹ *Cath Ruis na Rig for Bóinn. The Battle of Ros-na-ree on the Boyne.* With Preface, Translation, and Indices, also a Treatise on Irish Neuter Substantives. By Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., F.R.U.I., M.R.I.A. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, and Co., Grafton Street.

a fancied slight of some Court favourite, or to an ill-natured jest uttered by an indiscreet, though mighty potentate. Pass we now to the saga. A prey to baffled rage, Conor refuses nourishment and sleep. His lieges depute Cathbad, "the famous Druid," to diagnose his case. Cathbad cheers the royal patient by reminding him of the vengeance he had already taken, counsels him to wait till summer, to give his men time to recover their strength, and to summon meanwhile Conall Cernach, then warring in the isle of Lewis, and to seek help from "absent friends," meaning most probably the several Gaelic colonies settled in Britain, Scotland, and the adjacent isles. Conor adopts this plan. The auxiliaries land near Dundalk, and are at first mistaken by Conor for the hostile Irish against whom he breathed havoc and slaughter. Their recognition is followed by a round of festive banquets. The Ultonians now muster at Dundalk. The allied kings of the south assemble their troops at their chief forts. Eochu, King of Thomond (North Munster), exhorts Medb to make full reparation, she scouts the proposal, but in seeming compliance his pacific purpose, she sends as envoy a man most hated by with the counsel of Ailill, her Prince Consort, as if to defeat the Ulstermen, pleading "that no one would harm a herald." Find, King of Leinster, now marches with his clans to join his brother Cairpre, King of Tara. They send an envoy to Conor with offers of ample reparation, but Conor is bent on revenge.

The two brothers pitch their camp at Ros-na-ree, south of the Boyne. Conor sends scouts to reconnoitre their position, two are slain, the third makes his way back after hard fighting. Deferring action till the arrival of the several reinforcements, the appearance and accoutrements of whose leaders are described in fullest detail, and, *more Celtico*, with a profusion of picturesque epithets, Conor, at length, opens the battle, which is described in right Homeric style. He is worsted and driven back, till Cú Chulainn's opportune arrival changes the rout into a victory. This muscular hero, whose figure in these sagas towers aloft, and overshadows every other, "encourages" the demoralized Ultonians by threatening to slay any man that turns his back to the foe. The Leinster troops fall in sheaves before him, no chieftain makes the smallest head against him. He slays Cairpre, King of Tara, valiantly fighting, but in vain. The battle is won, and the routed forces are hotly pursued by Iriel as far as the River Rye, near Leixlip. Conor betakes

himself to Tara that night, is met by his grandson, Erc, the son of Cairpre, "who lays his head on the breast" of Conor. From him Erc gets back his kingdom, and a blessing coupled with advice to avoid war with Ulstermen, with Cú Chulainn especially; he further obtains Cú Chulainn's daughter in marriage. This last named worthy has been compared with Achilles, but unlike the hero of the *Iliad*, indomitable ferocity is not only an element, but the very base of his character, he never exhibits the qualities of courtesy and liberality displayed by his prototype in the solemn games. The saga we have epitomized is here given in two recensions, varying somewhat in incidents and in sequence, and hence to be referred to different sources. The more ancient edition is copied from the *Book of Leinster*, compiled *circa* A.D. 1150, and according to Dr. Windisch, one of the earliest monuments of Middle-Irish, *i.e.*, of the Gaelic dialect current between the eleventh and fifteenth century.

The modern version, copied A.D. 1727, is taken from the Stowe MSS., in the Royal Irish Academy. Those who have pored over the Cottonian MSS. can form a notion of the labour the transcription from the earlier source entailed. But besides this the contractions of this MS. had to be written out in full, and meanings to be assigned to archaisms and obsolete words without the aid of glossaries or dictionaries. The conscientiously minute, we might almost say, the Teutonic accuracy wherewith Father Hogan has striven with these difficulties, his scrupulous avoidance of arbitrary conjecture, have, as heretofore stated, won for him well-merited praise and congratulation. We must, however, dissent from his too modest estimate of the English rendering of his texts; strictly literal though it be, and thus giving an insight into the idioms and peculiar style of Gaelic writings, it is intelligible and will be read with interest. To complete what has been already said of the historical value of this saga, while granting that the facts are freely exaggerated, altered, nay, even invented for the purpose of effect; yet is it historical in the most important respects. For aught that can be proved to the contrary, the glimpses of the pre-Christian and general history of the Gael, which it permits rather than affords, are probably correct to the letter. The portraiture of arts, manners, and institutions may be wholly trustworthy. The state and scale of the Gaelic mind, language, and character here set forth may be the same.

As in the Arthurian legends, we never regard the truth of the manners as dependent on that of the narrative, difficult as it is to connect the two, while in the present case, it is rather difficult to sever them. As Schöll observes, though in a far different connection, legend and myth may throw more light on the spirit of an age, on the genius of a race, than even authentic history with its necessary limitations to persons, places, and facts. We take leave for the present of the Rev. Editor in the words lately addressed to him by a venerable Anglican prelate, expressing the hope that he may continue to labour as heretofore with diligence and signal success in the field of ancient Irish literature. *Faxit Deus!*

8.—THE PLACE OF DREAMS.¹

The Catholic Truth Society is not behindhand in contributing its quota to the light literature which is published to provide fireside amusement and entertainment for young and old during the Christmas season. In the last issue of THE MONTH, the attention of the reader was directed to a new volume of the Shilling Series, which sets before him a pleasing picture of English domestic life. We must now introduce to his notice a work of larger size, containing stories of a very different stamp. Although dedicated to children, it is better suited, and evidently intended, for their elders, if we except one story, the second, a sweet, pathetic narrative, which must appeal strongly to the hearts of both young and old. "Lost Artie" is an unhappy child, five or six years of age, abandoned on a stormy winter's night—the eve of the Purification—who finds shelter and parental compassion under the roof of some warm-hearted Irish cottagers. Tenderly nurtured by them as one of their own children, the fragile, winning, precocious child—precocious, fortunately for him, in piety, not in sin—is, at the end of seven years, claimed by the unnatural mother who forsook him. Claimed, but not recovered by her, for the boy, "too good for this rough world," is taken by his true Mother out of the reach of evil. A touching scene describes how the "child of Candlemas" is carried, on the wings of prayer, on the feast of the Assumption, to his eternal home in Heaven. The first and third stories treat of occultism. Deeply interesting

¹ *The Place of Dreams.* Four Stories by the Rev. W. Barry, D.D. London: Catholic Truth Society.

as they are—and it is not their least charm that they come from the pen of an able and accomplished writer—excellent as is their moral teaching, and salutary the truth they convey to the reflecting mind, it must be admitted that they are more appropriate for the grown-up people for whom they were unquestionably written, than for young and excitable readers. There is a wonderful fascination for all but the most stolid and sceptical of mankind in knowledge which tends to lift the veil from the unseen world, and reveal something of the great, unknown powers, the mysterious life of the spirit-world, into which neither does science enable or faith permit us to gaze. Into this realm—shall we say of realities or shadows?—who would not desire to obtain even a transient glimpse, did not, as the writer tells us, the same faith that bids us believe in the supernatural, teach us not to hanker after the abnormal, or attempt to establish intercourse with those who are beyond the limits of human ken. In each of these two stories, the startling incidents of which Dr. Barry relates with an impressiveness and straightforward simplicity that convinces of their truth, we hear of an Englishman who, during his residence in India, has searched into the esoteric lore of the Hindus, those Eastern practices of magic which we call necromancy or devilry.

In the first, the knowledge thus acquired of an unhallowed art, is employed to call up the spirits of the dead, and enable the unhappy actor to evoke from its tomb the awful past, to live over again the tragedy which has blighted his life. The reader listens spell-bound and breathless with amazement and awe to the narrative of the priest who, with the courage of his calling, witnessed the ghostly drama that was enacted, and who by prayer and the Holy Sacrifice chased away the evil thing. Summoned by a servant as to a sick call, to the House of Shadows, he tells us:

Had I not felt that I owed my services to this apparently brain-stricken man, I might have turned back on hearing the account, so much beyond the bounds of credibility, which Lamborne had given of the state of things. No sooner had I entered the house, than I became aware of the sound of feet and voices in the library upstairs, where Lamborne said his master had shut himself in. It was a dreadful moment. My heart stopped beating. But I was resolved to go on. "Will any of you come with me?" I asked the servants. They shrank back when I addressed them, but none made answer. "Come," I said, "in the name of God, what is there to be afraid of?" It was

all in vain. I nerved myself accordingly to go upstairs alone, having That with me, as I felt, which would be my protection whatever might come to pass. The preternatural din never ceased. There seemed to be a growing tumult inside as I approached the locked and formidable door. Scarcely were my fingers on the handle, when I thought the door itself was flung violently open, and something rushed by me which I could not see. It fell with a heavy weight and a groan against the staircase leading to the next corridor, and then went moaning and stumbling all the way up until it reached some room over my head. (p. 21.)

There were far greater horrors in store for the brave, unflinching priest, which we leave the reader to learn for himself. Whether the dead really came back, or powers of darkness flung their illusions around the rash man who ventured to meddle with them, the writer does not undertake to decide. But the reason of the searcher into the secrets of death tottered on its throne, and he must have perished, had not faith been left, and the compassionate power of Christ been at hand to save him.

The incidents related in the "Mystery of Drerewater" are yet more weird and uncanny. The phenomena produced by the art of the magician, by magnetic influences, or what is now termed hypnotism, the unscrupulous employment of secret science by a villain to work his own wicked ends, terrify as much as they astonish, and are almost too full of interest and excitement for persons of an imaginative and superstitious nature. The concluding tale is a mediæval romance. It is the history of a monk, who errs through pride, and having drunk a wonder-working draught, a mysterious elixir preserved in *St. Anthony's flask*, falls under the power of the evil one, leaves his convent, and after many strange adventures, is permitted to return and find rest in the hallowed precincts of the cloister, until the gates of Paradise are opened to him.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

HIS Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne has published three Lectures on the Origin of the Church of England¹ that every Anglican would do well to read. They will also be useful to the Catholic who is compelled to defend his position against plausible advocates of the Anglican continuity theory. In his first Lecture the Archbishop shows that the ancient British Church was founded upon the Roman Church. In the second Lecture he points out that it was a daughter resembling her mother in every feature. In the third he shows that the Church founded by St. Augustine was essentially Roman, and that the story of the Reformation forbids the truth of the continuity theory, and proves the worthless character of those who introduced the revolt. We believe these Lectures were most successful in Melbourne, and we hope that they may be widely circulated in England.

Within ten years Father Lehmkuhl's *Moral Theology*² has exhausted no less than seven editions. When we remember that the work is in two bulky Latin volumes, and that the subject of which it treats was ground already occupied by a book so excellent as that of Ballerini, the success of Father Lehmkuhl's book is at first sight simply astonishing. Yet to those who know it, its rapid sale is easily explicable. The profound learning, well-balanced judgment, and clearness of expression that characterize its pages, give it a just claim to the place it occupies among modern treatises of moral theology. The present edition (the seventh) has been carefully revised throughout. The most recent decrees of Roman Congregations have been incorporated in it, and various passages which seemed to the author wanting in clearness have been more fully elaborated. At the same time the numbers of the pages and paragraphs have been most carefully preserved, so that the

¹ *The Origin of the Church of England.* Three Lectures by the Archbishop of Melbourne. Melbourne: M. F. E. Verga.

² *Theologia Moralis.* Auctore Augustino Lehmkuhl. Editio Septimus. Herder, Freiburg in Brisgau.

reader who had employed hitherto some former edition may not find himself at fault in consulting the present one.

We are glad to see that Mr. Washbourne's most useful Missal for the Laity¹ has reached the Third Edition. It is a convenient volume. Though it consists of over nine hundred pages and is on good paper, yet it is not at all of awkward thickness. It is well up to date and contains the English and Irish Jesuit, Benedictine, and Carmelite Saints. A separate supplement gives the week-day Masses in Lent, Holy Week services, &c. Any one who has this book in his hand at Holy Mass will soon be able to follow the Mass if he chooses, and to know what Mass is being said each day.

*The Convert's Catechism*² fills a want that has long been felt, for some little book that would supply the special information that is necessary to converts entering the Church. The Penny Catechism is admirable in its way, but it was meant for children, and for *Catholic* children, and does not attempt to bring into any special prominence those controversial points which present a difficulty to intending converts, and on which it is necessary that they should be fully informed. This excellent Catechism begins with the general outline of Christian doctrine, and then takes up the questions of the nature of the Church, and the proper use of Holy Scripture as a means of inculcating dogma. It then treats of the commandments of God and of the Church, the sacraments, and various devotions which Protestants misunderstand. It adds some prayers and useful hints for devotion. One point we miss; we find no explanation of mortal and venial, original and actual sin. In fact, the question of sin and of its consequences is almost entirely omitted. We hope to see this remedied in future editions.

This little tale³ relates the experiences of a young woman of no uncommon type, who, discontented with her life in her mother's cottage, and weary of the drudgery of "helping her to wash," which forms the daily round of her uneventful existence, desires to take a situation elsewhere, and see something of the world, before settling down as a married woman in the village where all her days have been spent. Her

¹ *Roman Missal adapted to the use of the Laity*. Third Edition. London: Washbourne.

² *The Convert's Catechism*. By Rev. F. X. Reichart. Stockport: Printed by Thompson and Sons.

³ *Sarah Welwyn*; or the Washerwoman's Daughter. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company. 1893.

ungratified wish renders her irritable and wayward ; all about her, including her lover, a groom named Robert, have to exercise no small forbearance to keep the peace with her. But Sarah is a good-hearted girl after all, ready to apologize when she has wounded by sharp words ; and though, in wilful despite of the advice of her friends, she persists in starting for London to seek her fortune there, an adventure she meets with before her destination is reached effectually cures her of her foolish discontent, and sends her home a wiser and a better woman. The little volume will prove a suitable gift for young women, and will doubtless find glad acceptance in the servants' hall.

A very welcome addition to the series of biographies published by the Catholic Truth Society, at the modest price of one penny, is a sketch of Queen Margaret of Scotland,¹ a Saint little known, although, in her daily life and holy death, she affords an example to the Christian wife and mother, while every Christian man and woman would do well to imitate her virtues. The history of the Royal Saint, attractive in itself, is rendered more so by the agreeable manner in which it is written ; and, through skilful handling, it loses nothing of interest on account of being compressed into the narrow compass of twenty-four pages. The prudence and tact Queen Margaret possessed is shown in various instances, as for example by the ingenious device of introducing the grace-cup, to restrain the uncouth nobles from leaving the table before the chaplain had returned thanks. Her sanctity is testified, not only by her edifying death, but by the miraculous preservation from injury of her illuminated Book of the Gospels, when it accidentally fell into a stream of water.

Father Meschler's *Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga*,² published shortly before the celebration of the tercentenary of the Saint in 1891, and reviewed in the pages of THE MONTH at that time, has been widely read and much liked, so that a fourth and enlarged edition has been called for. We rejoice to hear of the success of a book which has so much to recommend it to readers of every class, and which is essentially calculated to raise the standard, kindle the aspirations, and animate the zeal of the young students for whom it is principally intended.

¹ *St. Margaret of Scotland*. By Mrs. Morgan Morgan. Biographical Series. Catholic Truth Society.

² *Leben des hl. Aloysius von Gonzaga*, Patrons der christlichen Jugend. Von M. Meschler, S.J. Vierte, vermehrte Auflage. Freiburg im Breisgau : Herder'sche Verlags-handlung, 1893.

The attractive manner in which the incidents of St. Aloysius' brief career are narrated, the picture which is drawn of his companions and surroundings, the numerous quotations from his own words and writings, the description of the high natural gifts he possessed, and of the eminent supernatural virtues he practised, will delight every reader who can appreciate the charm of Father Meschler's style in the original. This new edition has an additional claim on our notice: it dates from Fiesole, a spot dear to the heart of the Saint, and the cradle of his spiritual life.

In his pamphlet on Miss Ellen Golding, the "Rescued Nun"¹ as she is pleased to style herself, Father Sydney Smith is at the pains to set her extraordinary conduct in its true light. Desirous to pose as a heroine of romance, this lady, when tired of the monotony of the religious life, preferred the excitement and notoriety of a sensational "rescue," or escape from the Convent, to leaving it in an ordinary, common-place way at the expiration of the term for which she took her vows. The same morbid restlessness that made the convent intolerable to her prevented her from remaining quietly under her married sister's roof. At the instigation of some Protestant, she began to give lectures, making several scandalous and startling charges against the Order of whose houses she had been an inmate for twenty-five years. These slanders appeared in the newspapers, and found credence among the enemies of the Church. But to every honest Protestant who reads Father Smith's pamphlet, it will be clear that Miss Golding is an hysterical person, subject to delusions, and that her vague statements are nothing more than the offspring of an over-wrought brain.

*My Mother's Predicament*² is the tale of a rich widow, whose troubles arise from her being beguiled into a second marriage with a worthless fortune-hunter. Previous to the ceremony she feels misgivings as to the real character of her fascinating adorer, and these are confirmed when, on its conclusion, he is accosted before they can re-enter their hotel, by some persons by whom he is "wanted." He immediately disappears, and the alarmed bride, instead of awaiting his return, determines to place as great a distance as possible between him and her. She

¹ *Ellen Golding, the Rescued Nun*. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *My Mother's Predicament*. A Tale. By John Bulmer, B.D. Mus.Bac. London: R. Washbourne, 1893.

sends her son to school, herself journeys to Durham, and acquaints her solicitor with the "predicament" in which she is placed. The artifices, more or less ingenious and amusing, employed by the adventurer to gain knowledge of her whereabouts, are duly recorded; finally, his whole past is revealed, and he is only too glad to quit the country to escape prosecution for bigamy. Thus the "dear mother" of the narrator of the story is, after five or six years, happily delivered from her embarrassing predicament, and returns to live in peace in the quiet village she formerly inhabited. This narrative is one that will be found highly entertaining by a large class of readers. It is, moreover, one which may safely be placed in the hands of young people.

Mr. Michael Sheehan's "Smiles and Sighs,"¹ are suggestive in many ways of a life of pastoral simplicity amongst the hills of Waterford by the side of the beautiful Mahon. No one who reads "A Woman's Frown," "To a Sunbeam," or "Anna," can deny that there is a strain of true poetry in the pieces. Yet it is no disparagement to him to say that the power of utterance and expression still need careful cultivation and training before he will be able to do justice to himself.

Jean Paul Choppart² is a very naughty little boy, who thinks only of himself, and causes continual pain and annoyance to his good parents, and, indeed, to every one around him. Having nearly killed a little sister, and then run away from his punishment, circumstances threw another little boy, of better disposition but weak character, into Paul's way, and the two determined to carve out their own fortunes. What distressing adventures they passed through, till one day, when dressed up as Siamese twins, they were at last discovered by their respective parents, our young readers must discover for themselves.

We received *The Catholic Family Annual*³ for 1894 too late to notice it in our January number. Its chief attraction is the biographical and historical account of a number of interesting and remarkable persons and institutions. Among these are Father Anderledy, S.J., Brother Azarias, Cardinal Lavigerie, and the Catholic grammar schools of New York, the Chicago World's Fair, &c.

¹ *Smiles and Sighs*. By M. F. Sheehan. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1893.

² *The History of Jean Paul Choppart*; or, *The Surprising Adventures of a Runaway*. With Illustrations. London: Burns and Oates.

³ *The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1894*. London: Burns and Oates.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Études* for last December gives the text of the Holy Father's recent Encyclical on the study of Holy Scripture. The attention of Europe has during the past year been by more than one event directed to the East, where France holds a prominent position as the protector of the Holy Places and of the Catholic institutions throughout the Ottoman Empire. Father Bournichon speaks in his essay of her present religious rather than of her political influence, now unfortunately on the wane, and of the *capitulations*, or treaties, which ever since 1535, have existed between the eldest daughter of the Church and the infidel Turk. Thanks to these capitulations, obtained not for herself alone, but extended to all the Western nations, Christianity has held its footing and enjoyed comparative liberty in the midst of a nation by whom it is hated, and the Christian missionary has been enabled to carry the light of the Gospel into the interior of Asia. We are sorry to notice that in the opening paragraphs of his essay, Father Bournichon speaks of the English as rivals, against whose hostile action France must be ever on the watch to defend herself. In a third article on the Apostles of the rising generation, Father Martin delineates the features of another class of writers who pose as the heralds of a new and enlightened age. They are, however, more able to diagnose the malady at present afflicting humanity than to prescribe for it an effectual remedy. These philosophers propose to inspire a young man with ideas of duty and self-respect, and leave him without a guide of his conduct, without definite aim and motive for his aspirations and actions, oblivious of the well-known adage: *ignoti nulla cupido*. The late theological debates in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, of which enough has been heard on this side the Channel, are revived at some length in the *Études*, and the possibility of mitigation in the pains of a future life is to form the subject of a promised essay. An Archæological Excursion is the title of a pleasantly-written sketch, gathered out of three recently published books, the first being the result of researches and excavations on the site of the ancient Elatea, the city second in importance in Phocis. Then follows a tour in classic Ithaca, whence the reader pro-

ceeds to Athens, under the guidance of a learned cicerone, the author of *le Parthénon inconnu et l'Acropole archaïque*. In an excellent paper on Gounod's musical works, Father Soullier emphasizes the fact that the profound religious feeling and practical piety of the great musician expressing itself in melody, gave a stamp to all the sacred music he wrote. As a religious composer he was unsurpassed.

The first issue of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* in 1894, offers a variety of interesting matter to the reader. The social question occupies the first place: Father Pesch, who has already set before us the history of Socialism, that great power which threatens to undermine authority in Germany, now examines into the origin and development of the power of the State, the claim of Government to direct political economics, to regulate mercantile and industrial interests, to swamp the rights of the individual in those of the many. The monopoly of education by the State in Germany in the nineteenth century forms the subject of an official historical report, to which attention is called by Father von Hammerstein. He mentions that the system of public instruction in Prussia differs from that of other countries on two points: in that no other schools are allowed but those that are under Government control; also because religion stands foremost in the programme of studies, whereas in other lands it is often altogether eliminated from the list. Unfortunately the religious teaching is essentially Protestant, and the right of the Catholic priest to instruct his flock, of the Catholic parent to have his child brought up in his own creed, is totally disregarded. Father Beissel contributes an interesting and instructive paper on mosaics, their origin and the art of making them, with a description of some of the most celebrated for beauty of design and execution to be found in the old Roman churches. The training of the members of the princely house of Wittelsbach in Bavaria offered in medieval times so striking a contrast to that of most rulers, that their history and exemplary conduct is depicted for the edification of the present generation. The egg of the cuckoo (*cuculus canorus*), of old a puzzle to the ornithologist, furnishes the topic of one of Father Wasmann's vivacious and amusing papers. A literary sketch from the pen of Father Baumgartner is always welcome. This time he has chosen one of our living poets, Aubrey de Vere, of whose verses and poems he shows himself a sympathetic and appreciative

critic. Several extracts are given, rendered into German with his wonted accurate skill, and in his easy, graceful style.

We have before us three numbers of the *Katholik*, which is known not only in Germany, but in other lands, as for many years a staunch and fearless upholder of the Catholic cause, a defender of the prerogatives of the Church, a teacher of orthodox doctrine. This useful periodical is primarily, but by no means exclusively, intended for the clergy, and difficult questions of moral theology are frequently expounded and elucidated in its pages. The teaching of St. Alphonsus Liguori is from time to time taken under discussion, as in the case of Dr. Huppert's valuable treatise on Probabilism, concluded in the December issue. The history of the compilation of the Office for the Dead will be gladly read by all the faithful, since its recitation is incumbent on them at least on All Souls' Day. The institution of a special day for the general solemn public commemoration of the departed, dates, we are told, from mediæval ages. The biographical articles consist of a notice of Mgr. Freppel, drawn principally from the Life by Father Cornut, S.J., and the history of Johann Winzler, a Franciscan friar, who distinguished himself in the early part of the sixteenth century by the zealous and unflinching manner in which he combated the Lutheran heresy. From the able and prolific pen of Dr. Bellesheim we find two contributions: one consists in some notes on the Antiphony of Bangor, an early Irish MS. of great importance to the archæologist and the ecclesiastical historian, of which a complete facsimile was published last year; the other is a review of theological studies in Austria, the past history of which, and their present satisfactory status, forms the subject of a volume due to the painstaking and erudite research of a Viennese professor of theology. The remaining articles of interest are: a brief account of the testimony which the great Florentine poet bears in his *Paradiso* to the glories of Mary; an historical sketch of the influence exercised upon society of his time by Gregory the Great; a critical examination of the biblical exegesis of Mathias Bredenbach, which shows him to have been a champion of the ancient faith and of the authorized interpretation of Holy Scripture; an examination of the conflicting opinions concerning the Roman Thrasea Pætus, unjustly condemned to death by Nero's senate, whom some hold to have been a Christian, others an enlightened Stoic; finally, the account of a remarkable theological poem, the work of a

Scandinavian Archbishop of the thirteenth century, a relic of Catholic times and of an age of culture in the far north.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (1045) commences the year with some warnings concerning the promises of Liberalism. The experience of a century has proved the liberty of the Revolutionists to be a chimera, equality a dream, fraternity a cruel deception. The Brotherhood of Christianity must still be excluded; hence a new fraternity, that of Humanitarianism, is to be introduced, and this threatens to reduce society to chaos. The continuation of the archaeological researches regarding the migratory tribes of Asia Minor, leads the reader into Armenia. Inquiry is made as to the ancient boundaries of this province, the source whence its name is derived, by whom it was first colonized, what was the race and the language of its inhabitants. The pretensions of the King of Italy to the patronage of the see of Venice again form the subject of debate in answer to Signor Rinaldi's printed reply to the assertions made in a former number of the *Civiltà*. A new serial story is commenced in January, entitled *Agnes and Susanna*, the plot and the characters are historical, the time being the later years of the persecution under Diocletian.

In the following number (1046) the close relationship existing between Liberalism and anarchy is pointed out. It is that of parent and child; the repudiation of God by the former eventuates in the destruction of society by the latter; and the measures taken by the French Government to suppress the crimes of anarchists will avail nothing, while it encourages the principles that prompt them. A paper on Pope Nicholas III, whose object during his brief Pontificate (1277—1280) was to bring about the pacification of society in turbulent times, is intended to clear the character and action of an illustrious Pontiff from the aspersions of calumny. The memory of animals, the instinct of imitation possessed by some in a singular degree, the connection between apprehension and action arising from habit, and how habit supplements natural powers, forms the subject of another article. The Archaeological Notes treat of some family names which are found in ancient Christian inscriptions, and form a guide to the period to which the inscription is to be assigned.

